

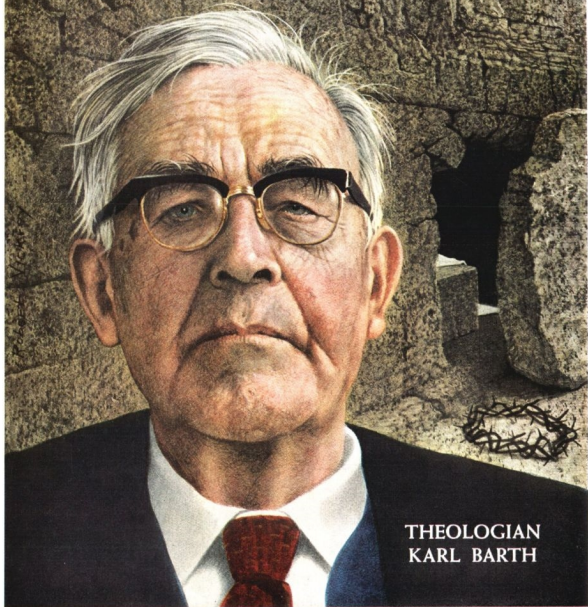
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

APRIL 20, 1962

*"The goal of human life
is not death, but resurrection."*

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



THEOLOGIAN
KARL BARTH

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VOL. LXXIX NO. 16



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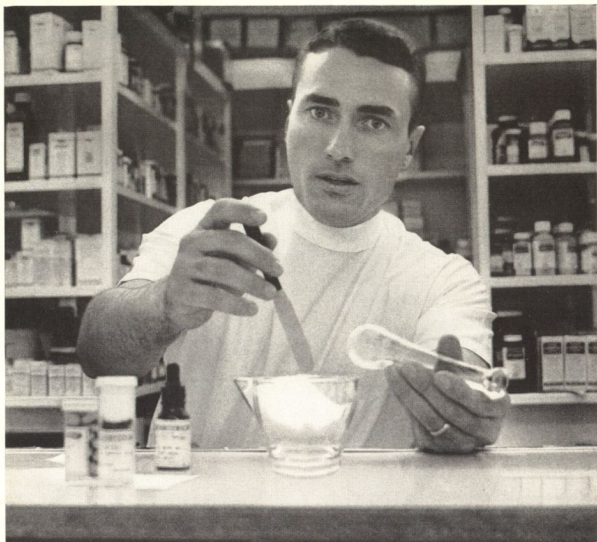
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Spencer Platt is a pharmacist in Roswell, New Mexico.

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Spencer Platt talks it over with John Hall

"I guess it was partly an excuse, but I had GI insurance, and I told MONY's John Hall I didn't need any more.

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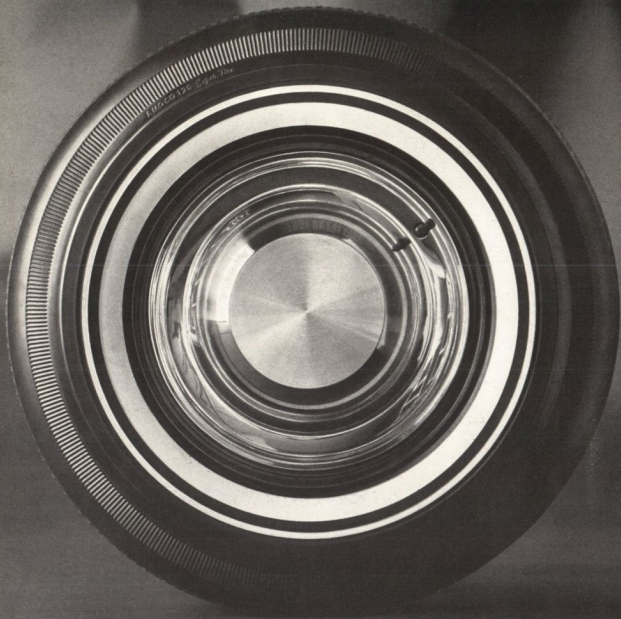
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The years have taken giant steps, haven't they? Already you're 42.

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For 1920 or any year, we'll mail more details about cash-value life insurance. Write Dept. 2T, 501 Boylston St., Boston 17. Better still, talk with one of our agents. Now — before you're 43.

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Valiant

LETTERS

Sophia

Sir: Your cover of Sophia Loren [April 6] is an apt illustration of how a modern artist can make something ugly out of something that is beautiful.

MAURICE C. WALSTED
College Park, Md.

Sir: No one's neck is that long.
MRS. G. K. BARGER
Milwaukee

Sir: TIME has outdone itself with its wonderful cover story on Sultury Sophia. But who is that girl on the cover?

K. F. SNYDER, '63
Western Reserve
Cleveland

Sir: Congratulations. TIME's cover artist has made one of the world's most beautiful women look like a cross between a dyspeptic Siamese cat and an underfed emu.

TOM MCKNIGHT
Adelaide, Australia

Sir: Would Sophia Loren wish to be remembered 50 years from now as she is shown in Bouche's caricature?

WILLIS SHOOK
Pittsburgh

► Says Sophia: "Yes. You know why? Because it shows the soul and the character. A painting doesn't have to be a photograph. A painting is a painting because it shows what you've got inside." For more reaction from Sophia, see Show Business.—Ed.

Sir: *Maitre Bouche's* splendid cover has the same qualities inherent in the best portraits of the 18th and 19th centuries. His skillful treatment of the shadow areas, loosely applied and transparent against the counterplay of opaque lights, is technically similar to the methods of Louis David and Gilbert Stuart. More work of this calibre would help destroy the illogical distinction between fine art and commercial illustration.

W. M. GAUGLER
Florence, Italy

Sir: Your cover story was a humdinger. And yet it was the picture of her mother that made me flip. For my *pasta*, she is the true

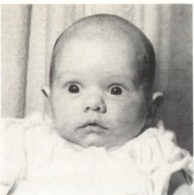
beauty in the family. *Mamma mia*, what a face—all rhapsody!

MARIO FRUCTUOSO
Madrid

Season's Greeting

Sir: On behalf of Peter Rabbitt III, I wish to extend my warm thanks for the "Tale of Peter Rabbitt" [March 16].

Since the story was published, people from all over, Germany, Jamaica and Korea included, have written to me. Many want to know why I have so named my son. For the



HERD WEITMAN
PETER RABBITT III

first years of my life I was distressed by having a funny name, but the amazing warmth and kindness that it has evoked has led me to really appreciate my good luck. It is heartening in this world of wars and rumors of wars, of "isms" and "anti-isms" to think that this simple story kindles so many gentle memories and friendly reactions.

Easter greetings to all.

PETER J. J. RABBITT JR.
Missouri House of Representatives
Jefferson City, Mo.

The Soviet Poet

Sir: It is men of strong conviction like Soviet Poet Evtushenko [April 13] who hold the hope for an informed Russia. We Americans can learn from this article that the Russians are not so different from ourselves, and that our similar desire for the truth is a bond that no political difference can destroy.

KEITH JUROW
Laurelton, N.Y.

Sir:

Having been in Moscow during the 1957 Youth Festival, I recall distinctly the impact that the friendly invasion of 15,000 foreigners made on our Soviet hosts. At the time we felt that Moscow would never be the same. I was very happy that your article on the new Soviet youth confirms our "on the spot" observation five years ago.

AVIK GILBOA
Los Angeles

Sir:

I am nine and an old member of the Audubon Society. You might like to know that the bird in the background of the Evtushenko cover is a bullfinch (*Pyrrhula pyrrhula*).

STEVEN MAMACHEV
Eaglebrook School
Deerfield, Mass.

► Bird Watcher Mamachev is correct. *Pyrrhula pyrrhula*, called a *sneigr*, has always been a Russian favorite. In ancient days *sneigr*, and other birds, were released from their cages as a sign of spring. Orthodox Russians, continuing the tradition, believe that each bird freed on Annunciation Day (April 7) atones for one sin. Tradition dies hard, and even now in the Soviet Union, birds are set free on that day.—Ed.

Sir:

Can it be that cold in Russia? Are their snowdrops really blue? Ours, *Galanthus nivialis*, are definitely white. The flowers shown by Cover Artist Boris Chaliapin are known to us as *Scilla sibirica*, or Siberian squill.

DOROTHY M. RUSSELL
Plymouth, Mass.

► But the Russian name for the blue flower, *podснеzhnik*, is translated snowdrop.—Ed.

The Cardinal's Secretary

Sir:

Having read your remarks about Cardinal Ottaviani [March 30], I would like to comment on them. [TIME reported that Ottaviani refused to be photographed, and when told all the other cardinals had posed, said, "That's why I am Ottaviani!"]

His Eminence was willing to be photographed. When a representative of TIME called, His Eminence was not informed. And the secretary, believing that he was not interested, refused to disturb him. Also, the cardinal never said, and he has assured me of this, what was attributed to him.

Secondly, on the basis of personal knowledge, I consider your epithet [crusty] about the cardinal discourteous and untrue. He is beyond question unbending on matters of principle—for example, Communism. But this has nothing to do with his personal characteristics. In five years of daily association, I have always found him unfailingly courteous and affable with everyone.

(THE RT. REV.) HENRY P. COSGROVE
Rome

► TIME does not consider "crusty" an epithet, knows that no photographs of the cardinal were permitted, regrets that it misattributed the quotation. It was the cardinal's secretary who said, while discussing the refusal of photographs: "That's why he's Ottaviani!"—Ed.

Criticism of the Critic

Sir:

TIME's taking note of the new *Columbia Journalism Review* [April 13] was encouraging. To keep the record straight, it should be pointed out that the *Review* does not attempt to deal "exclusively" with the press but with "journalism in all its forms," in-

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Space Command remote control,
handcrafted quality, and dual speakers
make this Zenith
the finest portable ever built.



Zenith announces an entirely new concept in television—the “Decorator Convertible.” Combining the *performance* of a table model, the *versatility* of a portable, with the *beauty* of decorator styling. And featuring these exclusive Zenith performance advances.

The Gold Video Guard Tuner, with 104 16-carat gold-plated contact points that won't oxidize or wear out, assures peak signal power and long life performance. You get a sharper, purer picture—even in far out fringe areas.

Handcrafted construction. Every connection in a Zenith is *hand wired* and *hand soldered*. No printed circuits! No production shortcuts! It *costs more* to build television this way, but it *means more* dependable performance and fewer service headaches.

Dual Cine-Sound Speakers. Two sound-out-front Zenith quality speakers are mounted in the Decorator Convertible, one on each side of the screen! You get the dramatic dimensional effect of television *wrapped in sound!*

Zenith Space Command® remote control turns picture and sound on or off, changes channels, adjusts volume, even



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cluding radio and television news. The criticism of the *Review* was welcome. A critical journal needs it as much as any other.

EDWARD W. BARRETT
Dean

Graduate School of Journalism
Columbia University
New York City

Big John

Sir:
Here is a conservative's reply to the song *PT 100* [April 6]:
*He came into office 'bout a year ago,
And started spend'n money just as fast
as it would go
He printed lots of dollars to up the nation's debt,
And while the bills were dry'n, said, "I ain't through yet."*
Big John.

W. A. VEECH

Princeton, N.J.

Rather Ed Than Ted

Sir:
Now that the Harvard episode is out [April 6], I'd rather be Ed than Ted.
PATRICIA SPINGELD

Torrance, Calif.

Ghostly Recall

Sir:
While discussing the March 30 Education section, my ninth grade English class was confused by the quotation taken from the ghostwritten principals' speech. Word for word, it follows "An Open Letter to American Students" by Dwight D. Eisenhower, published in the October 1948 *Reader's Digest*. We had just read and discussed this letter the previous day.
My students asked me to point out that they get zeros for plagiarism. How unfair! Some writers get paid for it.

(MRS.) KAREN KLING

Edison Junior High School
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

► Says *Ghost Speechwriter* *Newson* of the many striking similarities between Ike's letter and his principals' speech: "I am a great admirer of Eisenhower. I was inspired by his article, and I might even have used some of his phrases—unintentionally."—Ed.

The 23rd Amendment

Sir:
If the anti-poll tax amendment will become the 24th Amendment to the Constitution [April 6], what was the 23rd Amendment. I missed hearing about it.

C. D. ODELL

Austin, Texas

► The 23rd Amendment, ratified in 1901, gave the District of Columbia residents the right to vote in a presidential election.—Ed.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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CVC compound is available only in tires made by U.S. Rubber. Right now it's putting extra miles into the new U.S. Royal Safety-800 on 1962 cars. In mileage and every other respect it is the best tire we have ever made for original equipment and general replacement. Read what else you get from this great new tire:

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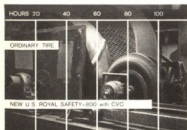


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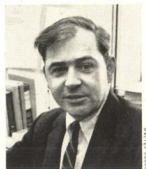
A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

THE job of journalists is to go where
the news and the newsmakers are,
and a phalanx of TIME correspondents
last week spread out to catch the news
and views—in Washington, in Wall
Street, Pittsburgh, Chicago and among
economists and businessmen through
the land—of the titanic struggle be-
tween the White House and the biggest
company in the nation's basic industry.
There hadn't been a business story like
it in years. For White House Corres-
pondent Hugh Sides, the job meant
covering a President capable of presid-
ing genially over a soirée for the Shah
of Iran after issuing blistering direc-
tives to his lieutenants about the steel
crisis. Having followed the President
to sea, Sides's final file came from the
nuclear-powered U.S.S. *Enterprise*.
Among businessmen in steel towns and
elsewhere, our correspondents found a
violence of opinion on the subject of
both Blough and Kennedy, coupled
with a reluctance to be identified in
public on their views.

For Washington Correspondent Lan-
sing Lamont, the assignment was to
follow the preparations for the forth-
coming nuclear tests on Christmas Is-
land. On learning that his quarry, Wil-
liam Ogle, scientific director of the
tests, was about to leave for Hawaii,
Lamont booked a seat on the same
plane, interviewed Ogle extensively
during the flight. The result is a fasci-
nating look into the mind, analytic
and apprehensive, of a man who has
watched no nuclear explosions.

And to cover a story as old as East-
er, TIME's Religion Editor John T. El-
son flew to Basel, Switzerland, to talk
to the man on this week's cover, Theo-
logian Karl Barth. They talked, among
other things, of Calvin, Mozart and
Reinhold Niebuhr ("a great man, but
if only he had an inner ear, through
which he could hear what Mozart is
saying, he wouldn't be so serious all
the time"). Barth cheerfully remarked
that a Barthian usually smokes a pipe;
an orthodox theologian, cigars; and



RELIGION EDITOR ELSON

RELIGION EDITOR ELSON

liberals, cigarettes. He offered Religion
Editor Elson—a cigar.

Elson, 30, is a graduate of St. An-
selm's Priory School in Washington,
D.C., and Notre Dame. He took his
Master's as a Woodrow Wilson fellow
at Columbia, writing his thesis on
Graham Greene. After two years in the
Air Force in Japan, he joined TIME.
His father, Robert T. Elson, is chief
of TIME's London Bureau.

As often happens, our first contacts
on stories lead to others. Correspond-
ent Andrew Kopkind found himself
chasing out to a North Hollywood
"dance therapy" studio to interview
Dr. Tina Keller, a soft and grey wom-
an who was once a psychoanalyst and
Zurich friend of both Karl Barth and
Carl Jung. "I hated Karl Barth for a
while," she said, but in the end came to
believe that "Karl Barth said 'no' to
many things because he wanted to say
a precise 'yes.'" Out of many such
interviews come the odd, valued sentence
that helps illumine a cover subject. In
Chicago, Correspondent Miriam Rum-
well last week picked up the trail of
Barth on his first visit to the U.S. and
ended up by taking him and his son
Markus to an evening more satirical
than theological, at Chicago's Second
City night club. Barth has never held
that it is unethical to laugh.

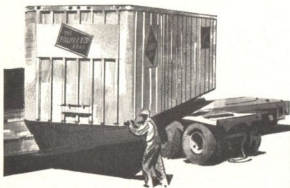
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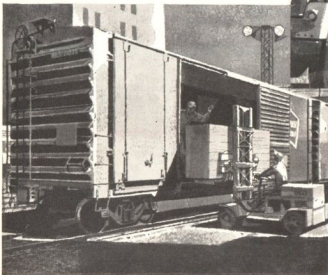
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On the track and beyond the track

The Milwaukee Road operates for the benefit of shippers



Improved door-to-door rail-highway service. The Milwaukee Road was first in the West with the complete Flexi-Van concept. With it, trailer van bodies are swung on and off special flatcars. These bodies can be switched from truck tractor onto flatcar (and vice versa) in less than 4 minutes!



Integrated delivery speeds dam construction. The Milwaukee's coordinated rail-highway transport system delivered thousands of tons of material to the Missouri River's Big Bend dam site. 25 miles from the railroad! Just one of many off-track construction projects handled in this manner. Result? Savings to the shipper, faster construction.

Expandable car doors for faster, easier freight handling. The Milwaukee Road in the last 5 years has invested \$47,000,000 to procure and place in service wide door boxcars, many with the ingenious plug door. They open either to a normal car door width or expand to 15-foot openings. For easy and speedy loading of lumber and other bulky items.

A complete, versatile transportation system, whose service to shippers goes far beyond railroad tracks. Made possible by the ingenuity and resourcefulness of the Milwaukee Road's "Creative Crews."

There's something new in railroading—something constantly new at the Milwaukee Road. It's sparked by "Creative Crews" whose solution of shippers' problems doesn't stop "in its tracks." These are door-to-door thinkers who are solving transportation problems to off-track locations—some, miles from the railhead.

Problems like getting materials to a wilderness dam site 25 miles from the nearest tracks. Thousands of tons of sand, cement, stone and steel were delivered by a unique, unified transport system, combining rail, truck and mobile loading and unloading equipment. And huge silo shells for America's underground defense missiles were delivered by a "custom-designed" rail-truck service. All a part of The Milwaukee Road's *integrated delivery service*.

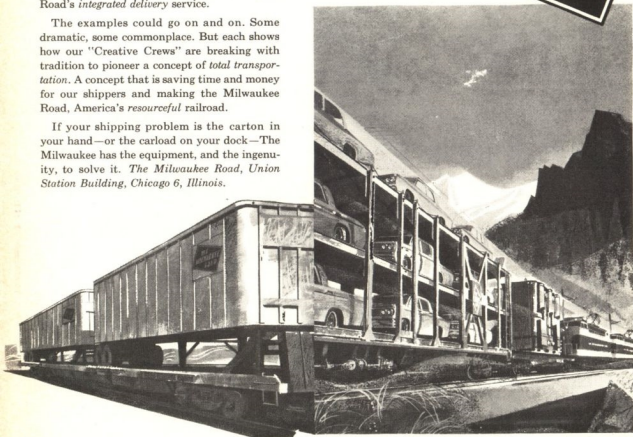
The examples could go on and on. Some dramatic, some commonplace. But each shows how our "Creative Crews" are breaking with tradition to pioneer a concept of *total transportation*. A concept that is saving time and money for our shippers and making the Milwaukee Road, America's *resourceful* railroad.

If your shipping problem is the carton in your hand—or the carload on your dock—The Milwaukee has the equipment, and the ingenuity, to solve it. *The Milwaukee Road, Union Station Building, Chicago 6, Illinois.*



**America's
resourceful
Railroad**

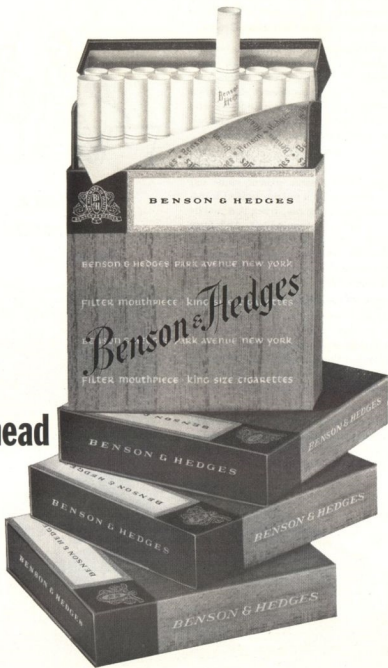
**THE
MILWAUKEE
ROAD**



Piggy-back—the service that started a revolution. The Milwaukee Road is one of the leaders in the Piggy-Back system that has revolutionized the freight movement industry. This truck-train-truck shipping concept assures fast, economical door-to-door delivery.

New, triple-deck auto carriers. The Milwaukee Road has pioneered in the development of transcontinental auto shipment. The remarkable auto carriers shown in the illustration directly above carry more autos than ever before possible. They assure speedy delivery from the factories to distant dealers, cut handling and transportation costs.

step ahead



Here's how to step ahead with Benson & Hedges.

Step one: You carry Benson & Hedges' handsome crush-proof packet. Its cover slides back to deliver each cigarette easily, in perfect shape.

Step two: You get the unique Benson & Hedges filter system. Recessed into the mouthpiece, the

filter never touches your lips, never intrudes upon enjoyment. **Step three:** You enjoy the rich flavor of superb tobaccos. Benson & Hedges carefully cures, ages, and blends these tobaccos to perfection. Once you step ahead with Benson & Hedges you will know why we say:

With Benson & Hedges you pay more...you get more.

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

Smiting the Foe

The call came at midafternoon from Roger M. Blough, board chairman of the U.S. Steel Corp., in New York City. Said he to a White House secretary: "I would like to see the President on a very important matter concerning steel." Could an appointment be arranged for later that day?

Even in a typically busy Kennedy week—which began with his throwing out the

Steelworkers that Kennedy hailed as "non-inflationary" and as an example of "industrial statesmanship." So what did Blough want to see Kennedy about now?

Bitter Coincidence. The President found out fast. After only the barest exchange of amenities, Blough handed Kennedy a mimeographed statement. As he read it, Kennedy's disbelief turned to fury. Blough's statement was an announcement that U.S. Steel, the polestar for the nation's basic industry, was increasing its prices by 3½% (\$6 a ton).

What Kennedy (and Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg, who rushed to the White House at summons from the President) said to Blough remains unreported—but it is certain that the U.S. has rarely had a madder President. When Blough left after 50 minutes, he looked far from jolly, yet he remained determined to go ahead with the price rise.

When Blough was gone, Kennedy strode furiously around his office, muttering: "Can you imagine those . . . !!" Said an aide later: "I've never seen him so angry." To Kennedy, there was a bitter coincidence in the timing of Blough's announcement. Just a year before, in the midst of his annual reception for the members of the Congress, Kennedy had learned that the U.S.-backed Cuba invasion had turned into a fiasco. Last week, on the date of Blough's White House visit, Kennedy was scheduled to greet the Congressmen again. Said he, with grim humor: "I'll never have another congressional reception."

The Hater. Kennedy had been unable to recoup the Cuba disaster, and the defeat still ranks deeply. But he was certainly able to fight back against Big Steel—and he meant to do just that. To Kennedy, U.S. Steel's price-hike decision was a personal affront. Through Secretary Goldberg, he had all but presided over U.S. Steel's labor contract negotiations. He had personally urged both labor and management to exercise "restraint." His Administration had persuaded United Steelworkers' President David McDonald to agree to a "noninflationary" contract: it included no wage raise, called for an increase of about 10¢ an hour in fringe benefits. Throughout the meetings with union leaders and Administration officials, the steelmen had given no indication that they planned to boost prices. In fact, they said nothing whatever about prices—and Kennedy mistook their silence for consent to hold the line.

It was, then, just as he was counting the credits for achieving wage-price sta-

bility in Election Year 1962 that Kennedy got the word from Blough. He felt that he had been betrayed—and U.S. Steel became an enemy to be smitten at all cost. "U.S. Steel," said a White House aide that afternoon, "picked the wrong President to doublecross. Kennedy can be a hater—and right now I don't think there's any doubt that he hates U.S. Steel."

To exact his revenge, Kennedy called upon all his powers as President, including legal retribution, economic reprisal, pub-



KENNEDY AT THE BALLPARK
He threw everything.

first ball of the baseball season, included some spectacular White House entertainments, and ended with a review of the Atlantic Fleet off the North Carolina coast—Kennedy could certainly find time to see Blough. The appointment was set for 5:45 p.m.

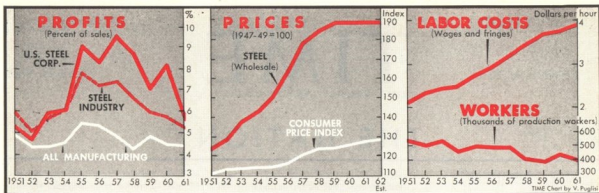
Flying down to Washington, Blough arrived right on time. Ordinarily a somber sort, he appeared downright jolly as he entered the White House. Awaiting him, puzzled and just a bit apprehensive, was President Kennedy. For months, Kennedy had been cultivating Blough, allowing him back-door entry to the White House. He had reason to think that his attention to Blough had paid off: less than two weeks before, U.S. Steel had reached a contract agreement with the United



ABOARD "NORTHAMPTON"
He broke steel.

lic threats and covert pressures. Most of all, he used his great political skills to arouse popular emotion for his cause. His theater was to be his press conference, which had already been scheduled for the next afternoon. Most Americans, upon scanning the morning headlines, had known that Kennedy planned to criticize U.S. Steel's decision. But what they heard and saw on television was one of the most savage sustained attacks ever launched by a U.S. President against big business.

Brandished Threats. Newsmen in the new State Department Auditorium sensed immediately that they were in for a torrid session. Glancing neither to left nor right, Kennedy marched to the stage, grimly began reading a statement that had been drafted by Goldberg, rewritten by Aide



Ted Sorensen and changed in the last minutes by Kennedy himself. "In this serious hour in our nation's history," said Kennedy, "when we are confronted with grave crises in Berlin and Southeast Asia, when we are devoting our energies to economic recovery and stability, when we are asking reservists to leave their homes and families for months on end and servicemen to risk their lives—and four were killed in the last two days in Viet Nam—and asking union members to hold down their wage increases, at a time when restraint and sacrifice are being asked of every citizen, the American people will find it hard, as I do, to accept a situation in which a tiny handful of Steel executives whose pursuit of private power and profit exceeds their sense of public responsibility can show such utter contempt for the interest of 185 million Americans."

As he spoke, his voice was hard. His hands kept clenching and unclenching; he thumped on the rostrum for emphasis and pointed his forefinger at his audience. He accused the steelmen of "irresponsible defiance of the public interest" and "ruthless disregard of their public responsibilities." There was, he insisted, "no justification for an increase in steel prices." Under the free-enterprise system, he conceded, wage and price decisions "ought to be freely and privately made. But the American people have a right to expect, in return for that freedom, a higher sense of business responsibility for the welfare of their country than has been shown in the last two days."

"Some time ago I asked each American to consider what he would do for his country, and I asked the steel companies. In the last 24 hours we had their answer."

The Vast Arsensals. Kennedy continued the assault. Struck by the fact that his other companies had already followed U.S. Steel's lead, he hinted darkly of illegal collusion. And he brandished a series of possible retaliatory measures against price-hiking steel companies—scrutiny by the Justice Department and the Federal Trade Commission, loss of Defense Department business, investigation by congressional committees, possible discrimination in the Treasury's forthcoming revision of tax-depreciation schedules.

During the next two days, the President showed that these threats were backed by power and a willingness to wield it. Set in

motion by Kennedy's anger, the vast administrative arsenals of the Federal Government rolled into battle against the offending steel companies. FBI agents from Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department waked newsmen in the early morning to check on a reported statement by a steel company president (see PRESS). FBI men armed with subpoenas descended on the executive suites of steel companies to interrogate officers and carry off possibly incriminating documents (seven patrolling the U.S. Steel offices in Pittsburgh). The Justice Department announced that it would start a grand jury investigation to see whether the steel industry had violated antitrust laws through collusive pricing. Bobby Kennedy declared that the Department of Justice was going to consider whether U.S. Steel ought to be "broken up" on the legalistic grounds that it had monopoly power to set industry-wide prices.

The Council of Economic Advisers set off on a round-the-clock push to get out a "white paper" that would smother the steel companies' arguments for price increases. Administration lawyers got to work drafting an Emergency Steel Act

that would roll back the announced increases for 90 days.

Congressional Democrats joined in the hue and cry. Brooklyn's Representative "Manny" Celler said that his Antitrust subcommittee would hold hearings on steel pricing beginning in early May. Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver, that intrepid investigator, said that his Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee also would probe the steel industry.

Dried-Up Source. The Administration's massive attack brought a countereffort by U.S. Steel. But it was too late, and too little. Kennedy had already corralled public opinion; even among businessmen, there was an overwhelming sense that U.S. Steel, in its timing and its tactlessness, had been fantastically stupid in its public relations.

Attempting to answer Kennedy's charges, Roger Blough appeared at a televised press conference. A lawyer turned to corporation management, he was the farthest thing in the world from the robber-baron sort that Kennedy was making Big Steel's management out to be. But in his reedy-voiced sincerity, he was no match for the President. He argued important but prosaic things—like the principles of free enterprise and the facts and figures of steel economy. He was constantly badgered by hostile reporters (most of them from television and radio). In a series of have-you-stopped-beating-your-wife questions, they asked why he was "defying" the President and heading on a "collision course" with the national interest.

Blough was plucky. He awaited each new question with obvious anxiety, but kept plugging away at defending the case that U.S. Steel had presented in its original announcement of the price increase. That case:

From 1958 to 1961, U.S. Steel had "experienced a net increase of about 6% in our costs." During that period, the company's profits had "dropped to the lowest level since 1952." The cost-price squeeze (see chart) had "dried up a major source of the funds necessary to improve the competitive efficiency of our plants and facilities." And that, over an extended span of time, could be fatal to U.S. Steel. "If the products of U.S. Steel are to compete successfully in the marketplace, then the plants and facilities which make those



BIG STEEL'S BLOUGH
No match for the master.

products must be as modern and efficient as the low-cost mills which abound abroad and as the plants which turn out competing products here at home." But Blough did not persuasively show how Big Steel could better meet increased competition here and abroad by raising prices (see BUSINESS).

Blough argued that the inflationary effect of the announced increases in steel prices would be almost negligible. He ticked off some examples of how little the boosts would add to the costs of the steel in familiar consumer items—a refrigerator, 65¢; a toaster, 3¢; a standard-size car, \$10.64. But Businessman Blough must have known that prices do not behave that simply in real life. There is many a step between the raw steel and the finished refrigerator in the retail store, and the original price of the steel gets marked up all the way along the line.* In practice, the steel price increases would have a far greater inflationary impact than Blough indicated—and would give any American manufacturer or dealer who needed an excuse, a way to raise prices while using the steel companies as scapegoats.

Even while failing to make any appreciable dent in the public opinion that Kennedy had so ably marshaled to his cause, Blough provided the enemy camp with some vital intelligence. A reporter, noting that some major steel companies had not yet gone along with U.S. Steel, asked Blough whether U.S. Steel could hold out if important competitors balked at upping prices. "It definitely would affect us," Blough candidly admitted, "and

I don't know how long we could maintain our position."

"Good! Good! Very Good!" If Jack Kennedy and his warriors had not already known the place to concentrate their fire, they knew it then. Every New Frontiersman who had a friend, old college mate or former colleague in the steel industry was summoned to join in an all-out campaign to persuade the holdouts to keep on holding out. "Everyone in the Administration who knew anyone called him," said a White House aide.

One of the biggest companies that had not yet announced price increases was Chicago's Inland Steel, the eighth biggest producer. With a solidly established position in its own market area, Inland could afford to go its own way; furthermore, Inland's Chairman Joseph L. Block is a member of Kennedy's Labor-Management Advisory Committee. So Inland was an obvious target for Administration phone calls. Commerce Under Secretary Edward Gudemann called his longtime friend Philip D. Block, vice chairman of Inland. Labor Secretary Goldberg called his old acquaintance Leigh B. Block, an Inland vice president. The day after Blough's press conference, Inland Steel Co. announced that it had decided not to raise prices "at this time." Said John F. Kennedy when he heard the news: "Good! Good! Very Good!"

With Bewildering Speed. For Roger Blough, the news was bad, bad, very bad. Inland's decision just about wrecked any hopes he had of winning the fight. But even with the outcome all but decided, the Administration kept bludgeoning away. Defense Secretary McNamara announced that he had directed his department to give procurement preferences "where possible" to steel companies that had not raised prices. Providing a persuasive example of what that could mean, the Navy's Bureau of Ships announced that a \$5,500,000 order for steel plate for Polaris submarines had just been awarded to Lukens Steel Co., a firm that had not upped its prices. (Ordinarily the order would have been divided between Lukens and the nation's only other producer of that type of steel—U.S. Steel Corp.). Prices on the New York Stock Exchange that afternoon showed how traders felt the struggle was going: Inland Steel was up, U.S. Steel down.*

The end came with bewildering speed. Only 48 hours after Kennedy's press-conference onslaught, Bethlehem Steel Corp., the nation's No. 2 producer, announced that it was rescinding its price increases "in order to remain competitive." A few hours later, a thoroughly beaten U.S. Steel announced that it, too, had decided to withdraw its increases "in the light of competitive developments today and all other current circumstances." The



STAR WATSON—LIFE

INLAND STEEL'S BLOCK Covert pressures.

other six steel companies that had raised their prices joined in a precipitous rush to surrender.

Like Milquetoasts. The President was magnanimous in his moment of victory. In canceling their price increases, he said, the steel companies "are serving the public interest, and their actions will assist our common objectives of strengthening our country and our economy." But Administration insiders let it be known that the Justice Department was not calling off the grand jury investigation—even though Inland's decision to refrain from raising prices, and the swift collapse of the U.S. Steel camp, would appear to demolish any argument that U.S. Steel wielded monopolistic power to set prices.

The victory was not all gain for Kennedy by any means. The ferocity of his attack on steel alienated and angered many a businessman who had come to believe that John F. Kennedy was not really hostile to business after all. And by crushing steel in the name of economic stability, Kennedy had deprived himself of a perfect rationale for any future inflation. As it is, Kennedy's own governmental spending may well create an inflationary spiral. And whomever or whatever Kennedy blames for that, it certainly cannot be Roger Blough.

There could be no doubt that John Kennedy had won a popular victory. Beyond question, the great majority of Americans reacted angrily to U.S. Steel's price-increase announcement. That reaction was instinctive, and Kennedy exploited it skillfully. But the popularity of Kennedy's cause, and the dazzling swiftness of his triumph, obscured the almost totalitarian thrust of his attack. In his press conference, the President accused the steel companies of being ruthless; by his own tactics, he made the steelmen look like Milquetoasts. He demonstrated in unforgettable fashion that any organization or group or person that thwarts him can bring down upon itself the overwhelming might of the Federal Government.



DEFENSE'S McNAMARA
Economic reprisal.

* Along with recording ups and downs of steel prices, the Dow Jones ticker carried a report that Chicago's huge, 18-story Merchandise Mart was planning to boost rents 3% to 5% because of "higher operating costs, principally labor and taxes." Owner of the Merchandise Mart: Joseph P. Kennedy, father of the President.

ARMED FORCES

Overnight Cruise

As the steel war was coming to an end, President Kennedy embarked on an overnight cruise with the Atlantic Fleet. Just before he boarded the heavy cruiser *Northampton* in Norfolk, Kennedy got word that U.S. Steel had buckled and cut back prices. "I think," he said, "the others will all follow now. They can't afford not to." On that note of triumph, he went out to sea.

The next morning, in a 16-knot breeze, he stood bareheaded and coatless on the foredeck of *Northampton* and watched 48 ships pass in review. A 21-gun salute pounded out as the nine-mile double line of ships, led by the mighty nuclear-powered carrier *Enterprise* and the smaller *Forrestal*, churned through the frothy waters of the Gulf Stream off North Carolina's Outer Banks.

View from the Bridge. For the Navy it was a rare opportunity to flex muscles in a full-dress exercise for its Commander in Chief and an audience that included Vice President Johnson, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, 29 top-ranking members of Congress, and the diplomatic representatives of 44 nations. After the naval parade, the President helicoptered to *Enterprise* to watch the Atlantic Fleet in battle exercises.

From the tenth-deck bridge of the world's largest ship, he looked on as depth charges were exploded just 700 ft. away, shaking the great ship as if it were a dog just out of a bath. Afterward, Kennedy accepted a windbreaker and moved with McNamara to the gusty starboard side of the ship to watch an aerial display. Two Terrier missiles homed in on a drone plane, but missed—although naval officers explained that they would have been close enough to the target if they had been armed with real warheads.

All of the Navy's prize aircraft were on display: Phantom interceptors, Vigilante and Skyhawk attack bombers and Crusader fighters screamed overhead, booming in salute as they cracked the sonic barrier, hurling bombs neatly and precisely between the twin wakes of *Enterprise* and *Forrestal*.

On the Beach. After the aerial show, the President lunched aboard the big carrier, then took to his whirlybird once more, landing on Onslow Beach, below the Outer Banks, where he was joined by the Shah of Iran. Through the afternoon, the VIPs observed a well-rehearsed attack on the beach by five battalions of helicopters and seaborne marines, equipped with napalm bombs, heavy artillery, and Ontos (the latest armored antitank vehicles). After the beach had been captured in a deafening final act, the President exclaimed: "Isn't that terrific!"

Later, as he boarded his Washington-bound jet, the erstwhile PT-boat commander had some heartfelt parting words: "As we leave this base today, we are prouder than ever that we are citizens of the United States and supporters of these men who serve us so well."

THE WHITE HOUSE

"A Much Jazzier Town"

*There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and
bright*

*The lamps shone o'er fair women and
brave men . . .*

—Lord Byron

The Duchess of Richmond's celebrated ball for Wellington's officers, on the eve of Waterloo, was a mere fish fry in comparison with the goings-on nowadays at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Jack and Jackie Kennedy's talent for serving up a dazzling concoction of beauty and brains, politics and culture, shamrocks and chandeliers is enough to boggle the most jaded eyes. Last week, at a couple of brilliant levees, the President and his First Lady did it again—and again.

High Octane. The week's entertainments got under way with the annual Congressional Reception—a duty date that is ordinarily the duller of the six official receptions that protocol requires the President to give each year.* Reporting the party for the New York *Post*, svelte Marion Javits, wife of New York's Republican Senator Jack Javits, wrote that "the First Lady was stunning in a white satin sleeveless dress embossed with brightly colored flowers into which tiny pearls were sewn. She wore long diamond and emerald earrings and a diamond hairclip." Another fashionplate was Harlem's own Representative Adam Clayton Powell, strolling around in "a green Austrian evening jacket with a black velvet collar and, for buttons, Franz Josef coins."

As for the dancing, reported Marion Javits, "no one did the twist, and, although no one let his hair down, the dance floor was far from grim. The cha cha and the waltz were the favorite dances." The repast in the state dining room was dominated by two huge, brimming silver punch bowls topped with floating strawberries. "I asked Senator Hubert H. Humphrey if he thought it was spiked. He said, 'And how—with high-octane gas!' But attendants said one contained rum and pineapple juice, the other bourbon and apple juice."

The First Lady was escorted to her private quarters by the President just before 11 p.m., but he returned to mingle with his guests and talk politics until the witching hours. "Before departing," wrote Reporter Javits, who lives in Manhattan while her husband commutes to Washington during the legislative season, "the President graciously asked my husband to bring me to Washington more often. With all respects to New York, he jocularly observed that Washington was a much jazzier town these days."

It was even jazzier the next night, when Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi of Iran and his 23-year-old Empress Farah arrived at the White House for a magnificent din-

ner at the beginning of a state visit to the U.S. As their motorcade drove through the White House's main gates, 100 uniformed, white-gloved Marines snapped to attention, their bayonets gleaming in the rainy night. And when the royal Iranians stepped out on the North Portico to greet the President and First Lady, the society reporters murmured audibly. The Shah was resplendent in a swirling cloak and a looping crescent of medals and decorations across his formal dress, but his sloe-eyed wife stunned the onlookers. "It was a matter of groping frantically for adjectives superlative enough to describe her gown and her jewels—the most blindingly impressive ever beheld in Washington," reported Maxine Cheshire in the *Washington Post*.

"Hot Pink." What blinded was a dark gold silk ball gown, encrusted to the knees with sparkling jewels and gold sequins. Farah's sleek black hair was piled high in a bun and held in place with a tiara blazing with diamonds and six lime-sized emeralds from the Iranian crown jewels. Other multi-carat emeralds and diamonds adorned a collar at her throat—and Jeweler Harry Winston, who had recently restyled her jewels especially for the party, described them as priceless. Jackie Kennedy, never one to be overshadowed, wore a chic Chez Ninon ball gown with a sleek white silk top and a "hot pink" silk skirt. Diamonds glistened in her ears and her hair, which had been whipped into a new coiffure known as "Brioche" and resembling a classical Japanese hairdo more than a French pastry. Before dinner, the two heads of state and their ladies visited young Caroline Kennedy and her baby brother in the White House nursery, and



REPORTER JAVITS

* The others: official receptions for the Supreme Court, the Vice President and the Speaker, the Diplomatic Corps, the Cabinet, and the Military.



SHAH & FIRST LADY

John Jr., 17 months old and apparently an admirer of beauty, burst into tears when they left.

After the state dinner (guinea hen), the royal guests repaired to the East Room where a troupe of 15 dancers in sneakers, sweatshirts and black tights performed five Jerome Robbins modern jazz ballets and a modern version of *Afternoon of a Faun*, in the first full-scale ballet performance in White House history. (The dancers had been hastily rehearsing all day, under the direction of choreographer Robbins and the approving eye of the First Lady, who graciously allowed them

✻ Walter Terry, the New York *Herald Tribune's* dance critic, invited to cover the performance, recalled that a toe dancer named Mlle. Céleste had danced *en pointe* for an enchanted Andrew Jackson in the Cabinet Room in 1836 and had become a political *cause célèbre* (an anti-Jackson cartoon implying frivolity in high places was titled "The Celestial Cabinet"). Four years later, the sensational Fanny Elssler, the great European ballerina, was so popular in Washington that Congress, unable to reach a quorum when she performed, was forced to adjourn so that the members could watch her dance.



BALLET IN THE EAST ROOM
Beauty, brains and one who felt floppy.



JACKIE'S BRIOCHE



FARAH'S BUN



EMRESS & PRESIDENT

to use the Green Room as a temporary dressing room.) Glancing at one of the muscular male dancers, Vice President Lyndon Johnson whispered to Jackie that "they make me feel floppy."

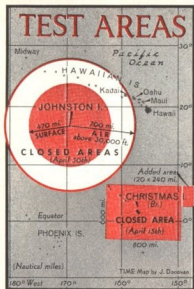
Something in Common. Later in the week, the President and the Shah got down to serious business, and when the Shah addressed a joint session of Congress, in an appeal for continued U.S. aid for his country, he won a prolonged ovation with a quiet remark: "However you decide, the people of Iran have not maintained their freedom for 2,500 years in order to now surrender." Most thoughts of the cold war were dispelled, though, by the parties, and especially by Jackie Kennedy and Empress Farah.

The following night, the Shah entertained the Kennedys at a brilliant banquet that would have pleased Scheherazade. The setting was the brand-new Iranian chancellery, a tasteful combination of modern architecture and ancient Persian mosaics, rugs and *objets d'art*. As they dined on caviar—freshly flown from the Caspian Sea—and pheasant à la *perigourdine*, the Kennedys and their hosts looked out on a rain-washed courtyard where Persian fountains played. And once more, the ladies were the radiant center of attraction—Jackie, in a strapless pink satin Dior gown, looked more like a Persian princess than the Empress Farah, in an orange chiffon sheath and her fabulous tiara and jeweled accessories.

After his own sumptuous state dinner, President Kennedy put his finger adroitly on the mood of the city. Rising to make the traditional toast, he addressed himself to the Shah but opened his remarks with his eyes on the young Empress. "His Highness and I have a 'burden' that we carry in common," he said with a smile. "We both paid state visits to Paris last year, and from all accounts, we might as well have both stayed at home."



CONGRESSIONAL RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE
Also a green Austrian evening jacket with Franz Josef buttons.



THE ATOM Ready to Fire

Everyone knew what the answer would be, but President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan went through the exercise anyway: off to Moscow last week went another appeal to the Russians to join the Western powers in an effective nuclear test ban treaty. Even while awaiting the Soviet *nyet*, which came three days later, the U.S. moved full speed ahead on preparations for resuming its own nuclear tests in the vast and silent stretches of the Pacific.

The big buildup for Operation Dominic combines 12,000 men, 100 planes and 40 ships into Joint Task Force 8, which will conduct the tests. Says William Ogle, scientific director of JTF 8 (see box): "We're cutting corners right and left. Not on safety. But on organization, bookkeeping and that sort of thing. Normally it takes two years to set up one of these things. We're doing it in four months."

Payload Preparation. Each day last week a dozen or so lumbering Military Air Transport planes took off from Hickam Air Force Base in Hawaii and headed south for British-controlled Christmas Island, the curving strip of sand and coral that will be the headquarters of Operation Dominic. Working far into the night, construction crews were finishing up the work of renovating decrepit or outmoded facilities. The resurfacing of the two runways was nearly done, mess halls and barracks were mushrooming, and, after weeks in which the men had to take to the bush, enough latrines had still not been installed.

As time grew shorter, freighters out of Pearl Harbor anchored off the tip of Christmas Island, transferred cargos of awkward monitoring gear to shallow draft lighters for the trip ashore. The big payload arrived aboard a deep-draft freighter, which gingerly carried a 1,500-ton load of critical nuclear material all the way from the Oakland Naval Supply Depot.

U.S. TEST DIRECTOR

"You Do What Your Country Wants Done."

TO William Elwood Ogle, 44, scientific director of the U.S. atomic tests to be held in the Pacific, a nuclear bomb is a marvelous device. "There's hardly anything more technically fascinating to contemplate than a bomb," he says. "It's a little universe unto itself, one in which we don't know the detailed physical laws which govern it." When he waited on a dark New Mexico mountainside to watch the world's first atomic bomb explode 17 years ago, Ogle was elated. "It was the biggest damn we'd ever seen," he recalls. "A fantastic moment. When it was over, I felt a sense of great relief and intense pleasure that it had worked." Even when atomic bombs killed thousands at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Ogle felt no revulsion. "I wasn't horrified," he says. "After all, our purpose was to do just that."

Shotgun on Main Street. Bill Ogle sees no paradox in the fact that he can be coldly analytical about the bomb, yet apprehensive about the world that the bomb is creating. "You may not be sure that what your country is doing is right in the long run," he explains. "But nevertheless you do what your country wants done." As a scientist with the Atomic Energy Commission's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory since getting his doctorate in physics from the University of Illinois in 1944, Ogle has participated in every atomic test series since 1945, has witnessed more than 100 explosions in the Pacific and Nevada. He assisted in hydrodynamic experiments for the wartime Manhattan Project, which produced the first A-bomb, celebrated the war's end by firing a shotgun into the air on Los Alamos' main street. After the war, he helped measure bomb yields at the Crossroads tests at Bikini in 1946, and at the Sandstone tests at Eniwetok atoll in 1948, directed technical operations during the Ranger series on Nevada's Frenchman Flat in 1951. He was in technical command of the world's first thermonuclear explosions, set off over a small island near Eniwetok in 1952. "It was the most terribly impressive thing I've ever seen," he says. "We couldn't even find the damn island."

Ogle is a chunky (5 ft. 8 in., 175 lbs.), flamboyant man, who hates neckties, wears baggy Western-cut pants and a battered Stetson, chews the ends of his pipes to bits. Part Spanish, English, Cherokee and Yaqui Indian, he was born in Los Angeles, grew up in Las Vegas, the son of a logger who later became a railroad engineer. Ogle took calculus in high school, used a W.C.T.U. scholarship (he is no longer an abstainer) to help finance his studies at the University of Nevada, where he majored in physics and math. In his last year, he married a girl he had met in church: Johanna Wilhelmina Schouten, whose parents emigrated from Holland. In recent years, she and their five children have bravely endured both his long absences from home and his addiction to secondhand automobiles (he owns four: a '36 Dodge coupé, a '41 Dodge pickup, a '50 Ford convertible, a '51 Chevrolet sedan).

"God, It Would Set Us Back." During the 1958-61 test moratorium, Ogle worked on the AEC's peaceful Project Rover, seeking development of nuclear rocket propulsion, and represented the AEC at Geneva test-ban talks. Returning to weapons research when President Kennedy ordered resumption of underground testing in Nevada, Ogle was recommended for the Christmas Island job by his longtime

boss, Alvin Graves, test director at Los Alamos. (Graves has been one of the leading figures in nuclear testing, once was critically ill from exposure to a radiation dose of 200 reentgens; he recovered, but has been slowed down since a 1955 heart attack.) To get ready for the new tests, Ogle has been averaging about 1,000 miles a day between Washington, Nevada, Hawaii and Christmas Island. He worries not only about scientific matters, but whether his generators will have enough gas, his engineers enough food. The Bomb even bothers him. "There are darn few men who do this because it's their aim in life," he says. "They do it because they feel they should. I really don't think now the Bomb would wipe us out. But, God, it would set us back a long way."



AEC'S OGLE

In forgotten corners of the Pacific, engineers and scientists put the finishing touches on some of the 15 new weather stations that will study and forecast how wind currents might carry radioactive fallout. Another web of 16 monitoring stations will record the effects of the blasts; one radiation monitoring station clings to the lip of a 10,000-ft. volcanic crater on the Hawaiian island of Maui.

Out of Bounds. Christmas Island is in the center of an imaginary rectangle 600 nautical miles wide and 800 miles long that will be closed to ships and airliners for the duration of the tests. Last week the U.S. added a 120-mile by 240-mile rectangle to the Christmas reservation (see map). The new area contains no islands or atolls, will probably be used for underwater explosions. Some 1,200 miles to the northwest is the second test center of Johnston Island, where the U.S. will probably conduct high-altitude shots.

The basic aim of the U.S. test series is to gather the data necessary to maintain the nation's nuclear lead over the U.S.S.R., a lead that was threatened by the progress made by the Russians in their tests last fall. The Russians' series of some 50 shots included superblasts up to 58 megatons. In contrast, the U.S. will detonate only about 35 explosions, none of which is expected to be more powerful than 15 megatons. The three general classes of tests:

- Proof tests of existing weapons, such as the warhead of the Polaris missile.
- Effects tests to see how well U.S. equipment and facilities, particularly electronic-communications gear, stand up under nuclear explosions.
- Development tests of new weapons.

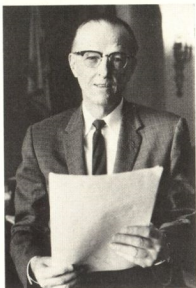
Ogle's scientists will be trying to improve the vital weight-yield ratio—a bigger blast from a smaller package. Special attention will be paid to the nuclear warhead of the Nike Zeus, the missile being developed by the Army to intercept enemy warheads as they hurtle down on the U.S. To find out how the blast of a Nike Zeus will affect a missile at high altitudes, the scientists will make at least one test of the weapon on the warhead of an Atlas, one of the prime missiles in the U.S. arsenal.

POLITICS

First Things First

As a freshman Congressman 20 years ago, Minnesota Republican Walter H. Judd decided a Representative really has three jobs: 1) to work for good legislation; 2) to tend to the concerns of his constituents; and 3) to get re-elected. The first is most important, he told his wife, Miriam, and if the other two should ever get in its way, he would quit. Last week in Minneapolis, Walter Judd, 63, one of the most effective and respected members of the House, announced that he was, in fact, calling it quits.

Explaining why he will not run for reelection this year, Judd said that the demands of his constituents, who seek everything from more Public Health Service



CONGRESSMAN JUDD
Can such a man be re-elected?

grants for the University of Minnesota to Coke machines for the Minneapolis post office, have grown so that he can no longer study all the complex legislation on which he must vote. "You don't want a man to operate on who just skims his medical books," said Judd, a former Mayo Clinic fellow. Nor does Judd want to spend time and energy on a strenuous re-election campaign in his recently reapportioned district, which formerly consisted of safely conservative South Minneapolis and now includes the heavily Democratic labor wards on the city's north side. "I don't know that you can get elected in the present situation unless you are willing to work day and night for it," he said. "I am not."



SENATOR DIRKSEN
Can such a man be defeated?

A Belly Full. As a Congregationalist medical missionary in China ("Medicine was the means that I could bear witness") from 1925 to 1931, Judd barely escaped execution by Chinese Communists. Recalls he, with a trace of a smile: "I had my belly full of them." Then, at the end of a 1934-39 stay along the China-Mongolia border, he was imprisoned by the invading Japanese for five months. He returned home to stump the U.S., used his high-pitched, 240-word-per-minute delivery to urge that trade be cut with Japan. "You have a choice between your silks and your sons," he warned American mothers. After Pearl Harbor proved him right, he was elected to Congress.

On Capitol Hill, Judd urged that foreign policy be lifted above partisan politics, helped round up Republican votes for the Marshall Plan, has staunchly backed the United Nations, foreign aid, reciprocal trade, European federation. As one of the ranking Republicans on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, his quizzing of witnesses has been penetrating, and his ability to clarify legislation by amendment is a House hallmark (last year's Peace Corps bill carried 40 Judd alterations). Judd has zealously fought against admission of Communist China to the U.N., and for aid to Nationalist China.

Not Devious. In Minneapolis some skeptics wonder if Judd's retirement is merely an attempt to inspire a draft movement to aid him in a gerrymandered district. But those who know Judd best argue that he will stick by his decision. Says the man in question: "I feel there are things I can do more usefully in the remaining years of my life. I'm not a devious person. If I wanted to run again, I'd run."

The Ev Show

"Every man must change his views as times and events change," says Senate Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen, invoking the golden tones that make him one of the few orators left on Capitol Hill who can still entice a quorum into the press gallery. In more than a quarter of a century in the House and Senate, Dirksen has changed his position from time to time on such vital matters as foreign policy, foreign aid, military matters and agricultural legislation. But where less nimble politicians would have tripped, Ev Dirksen, at 66, is soft-shoeing his way across the New Frontier with greater success than ever. His qualities of flexibility, political shrewdness, willingness to compromise, and above all the realization that times and events do change, have made him the most effective Senate Republican leader in years.

Upset. Dirksen comes up for reelection this November. Mesmerized by Dirksen's rhetoric, his disheveled thatch of white hair and his prominence on the national scene, Illinois voters have already sent him to the Senate twice (he spent 16 years in the House). This year Dirksen will face seven-term Democratic Congressman Sidney Yates, 52, an energetic

liberal picked by Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's powerful political machine.

Last week, in Illinois' primary elections, the results indicated that Dirksen will be a hard man to beat. While Dirksen ran up a 7-to-1 plurality (totaling 700,000 votes) against his token G.O.P. opponent, Democrat Yates ran into unexpected trouble. Not only did his "token" opponent, a perennial also-ran named Lar Daly, compile 200,000 votes, but also the Daley machine, on which Yates's chances in November depend, was handed a stunning bond issue defeat. In a tax-time tantrum, more than 45% of Chicago's voters turned out to reject \$66 million worth of proposed bonds for urban renewal, sewers and the like; Mayor Daley had predicted that the bond issues would pass by at least 23 to 1.

Out-photoed. Little known even after seven terms in Congress, Yates faces the hard task of competing with Dirksen for exposure. Last week he rushed to Washington to have his picture taken with President Kennedy—only to be out-photoed by Dirksen, who was seen with the President at a congressional party and a ball game. Yates has contrasted his record of 97% support of Kennedy with Dirksen's 27%—but such statistics are meaningless, and Dirksen is vastly appreciated by the White House as a highly responsible, often cooperative member of the loyal opposition. Last fortnight, for example, Dirksen dramatically and successfully intervened against fellow Republicans on behalf of the President's United Nations bond issue proposals. Cried Ev: "I haven't forfeited my faith in John Fitzgerald Kennedy."

In fact, Dirksen has become so friendly with the Kennedy Administration (despite his frequent jabs at it in the Senate and on the weekly "Ev and Charlie Show") that many in his own party are openly disgruntled. "That fellow in the White House has certainly got Dirksen's number," says a top national Republican. "Ev goes down there to a foreign policy briefing and he comes out with stars in his eyes." Dirksen's answer to such criticism is that "you start from the broad premise that all of us have a common duty to the country to perform. Legislation is always the art of the possible. You could, of course, follow a course of solid opposition, of stalemate, but that is not in the interest of the country."

On Hand. This sort of talk has given the Kennedy Administration some serious doubts about whether it would really be a good thing to have Ev Dirksen defeated in November—particularly since his replacement as Minority Leader would almost certainly be tougher for the Administration to work with. But Kennedy feels obliged to campaign for Yates, and the White House has already promised Mayor Daley that the President will appear in Illinois in September and perhaps again in October or November. When Kennedy does get to Illinois, no one would be surprised to see Ev Dirksen at the airport—smiling for photographers as he bids the President hello.

Opening Pitch

The major league baseball season opened in California last week—and so did Democrat Edmund ("Pat") Brown's campaign for re-election as Governor. At a breakfast rally in San Francisco's Civic Center Auditorium, Brown wound up and let fly with the political season's longest metaphor. Cried he of Republican Opponent Richard Nixon, "You've seen the scouting reports on the opposition. You know you can look for a lot of low, inside curves and some hot ones down the foul line. And it is a matter of record that their star pitcher is a man who will balk at nothing."

Continuing, Brown taunted Nixon for having White House ambitions. "The top man for the opposition," he said, "is letting quite a few bounce off his glove. His problem is he doesn't know the ballpark."



PAT BROWN ON THE ROAD
Like Nixon in Caracas.

He has his mind and his eye on a grandstand about 3,000 miles east of here. And he's finding out you make a lot of errors when you try to play two games at once. He wants the people of California to turn Sacramento into a private bullpen so that he can start warming up for a second chance in another league."

All warmed up, Brown took off on a day-long, 500-mile swing through the heavily Democratic coast and valley country north of California's Tehachapi Mountains. At San Luis Obispo, he was confronted by 600 angry California State Polytechnic College students, demonstrating in protest against a state-level, \$6-per-quarter parking fee for students with cars. Speaking without a microphone, Brown raised his voice to drown out the hecklers, eased the tension with a quip: "Now I know how Nixon felt in Caracas. This is my first crisis, but I'm not going to write a book about it." He went on to promise that California state colleges

would be tuition-free so long as he was Governor, and as for the parking fee: "When I get back to Sacramento, we'll go over it thoroughly."

Buoyed by the Mervin Field poll, which showed him leading Nixon 45% to 42%, Brown seemed confident that he already had two strikes on Nixon. But as they say, the game is never over until the last man is out—and, before November, Brown will have plenty of opportunity to live up to his reputation as a gopher-ball pitcher.

Whose Friend?

Pat Brown got some odd help from an odd friend last week. At a meeting of Republican women in Washington, Republican National Chairman William Miller said that Nixon had run a "horrible" campaign for the presidency in 1960 and is "doing the same thing now" in California.

The main trouble with Nixon, said Miller, is that his press relations are bad. During the presidential campaign, Miller claimed, "no one could get within four miles of Nixon." He cited the case of a magazine photographer whose editors asked for "informal shots of the Vice President—taking a snooze, eating a sandwich, sitting with loosened necktie. This photographer was never allowed near Nixon." But later, said Miller, the cameraman spent three days on Jack Kennedy's campaign plane and got all the informal pictures he wanted. Added Miller, unkindly: "If Nixon doesn't wake up and realize he must be human, he'll be an elder statesman at a very early age."

Mirror, Mirror on the Wall

"My florist bill for funerals of dead Democrats alone runs about \$800 a year," Neil Staebler, a soft-spoken man with a scraggly mustache and baggy pants, once said. But Staebler's real concern is for live Democrats—and he has found enough to make Michigan a Democratic stronghold. As Democratic state chairman, Staebler designed, built and oiled the machine that kept "Soapy" Williams in the Governor's mansion from 1949 to 1960, and that elected Lieutenant Governor John Swainson, 36, as his successor. For weeks Staebler has been hunting for a strong Democratic candidate to run for Michigan's newly created at-large congressional seat. Last week he found his man—by the simple process of looking in his own mirror.

Staebler, 56, still blushes at the memory of his only other foray as a political candidate. In 1934, he ran for alderman in Ann Arbor on the Socialist ticket—and was routed. "I took socialism seriously for a couple of years during the bottom of the Depression," says Staebler, who is a millionaire on the strength of family interests in lumber and coal and his own ventures into real estate. "I have since discovered it was a mistake."

In running for the at-large congressional seat (which will stay that way unless and until the deadlocked Michigan legislature gets around to setting up a regular

district), Staebler hopes to strengthen the entire Democratic state ticket by wooing independent voters, thereby help Swainson beat Republican Gubernatorial Hopeful George Romney. Staebler's likely opponent will be Republican Alvin Bentley, 43, a conservative multimillionaire (auto bodies), whose chief claim to fame is that he was wounded in the chest when a band of Puerto Ricans shot up the U.S. House of Representatives in 1954. After years of plotting strategy for others, Staebler can hardly wait to get out on the hustings against Bentley. Says a friend: "Neil is as excited about running for office as a child with a new toy."

CITIES

Okies of the '60s

In Chicago they know them as WASPS (for White Appalachian Southern Protestants), in Cincinnati as SAMS (for Southern Appalachian Migrants). St. Louis calls them, among other things, swamp turkeys and hoosiers. In Columbus and Cleveland they are simply called hillbillies (the name they dislike most). By whatever name, more than a million impoverished white Southerners, comprising 20% of the population of the 250 Appalachian Mountain counties in nine Southern states,^{*} moved northward between 1950 and 1960 to eke out a precarious living in the big cities. Packed into secondhand cars loaded down with their meager possessions, swarms still arrive every day in such cities as Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus, Dayton and Springfield. With them arrive the hopes, problems and frustrations of a new U.S. minority. They are the Okies of the '60s.

Mostly descendants of Scotch-Irish immigrants who settled in the Appalachians in the early 18th century, the migrants were long isolated by their mountain barriers from the mainstream of U.S. life. Settling down to a slow-paced, hand-to-mouth and inbred way of life, they became famed chiefly for moonshine, revolvers, family feuds and hillbilly music. They became the inspiration for Erskine Caldwell novels and such comic-strip caricatures as Snuffy Smith and Li'l Abner.

Still in the Hills. But civilization, of a sort, has reached the mountains. TV has penetrated into many Appalachian shacks that have little other furniture. It has brought with it a glimpse of jobs, salaries and luxuries that the mountaineers never dreamed of. Dressed in their mountain "uniform"—tight blue jeans, white sweat socks and open-necked shirts for the men, simple print dresses for the women—they have turned to the cities for a new life.

Most of them find the city a strange and unfriendly place. They long for the hill country, talk of returning to it as soon as they have saved a chunk of money to start anew. "I don't believe Ap-

palachian whites ever get to like the city," says Bernard S. Houghton, director of Cleveland's West Side Community House. "It's simply wages that bring them here. They never get out of the hills." Asked to take part in any community affairs, the mountaineers almost invariably refuse, arguing that they do not intend to be around long.

With that attitude, they are the despair of law-enforcement, welfare, health and academic officials who try to help them become assimilated in the city. A proud people, they are slow to accept relief—but they often hand over their money to credit gougers (poorly educated, many cannot read the large print, much less the fine) for 21-in. TV sets and for the chrome and aluminum baubles they have seen on the screen. Most of them live crowded together in slum tenements, but family ties are so strong that

Stolen Guitars. Like most uprooted groups, the mountaineers get into more than their share of trouble with the police, but their crimes are usually those of drunkenness (a frequent pastime) and theft rather than of violence. They have little respect for property; theft of musical instruments, particularly guitars, is a common complaint. Many mountaineers cannot understand why they cannot take their ailing motors apart on the city streets, why they cannot fire off a gun when their spirits are high. "They are not familiar with our laws," says Police Captain Walter Dorn of St. Louis' Lynch Street district. "In the rural areas from which they come, the sheriff has to have a warrant to make an arrest, but when we go to arrest them without one, you sometimes see a head get cut."

With unemployment high in many Northern cities, the unskilled mountaineers



PENTECOSTAL CHURCH SERVICE IN CINCINNATI
"They never get out of the hills."

relatives from the South are always welcome—even when their visit turns out to last for years. Used to tossing out garbage to be devoured by the ever-present mountain pigs, some newcomers throw garbage out the windows; when told that garbage should be wrapped before it is discarded, some wrap it all right—then throw it out the window.

Distrustful of strangers, the mountain men spend much of their time in taverns that cater to them, drinking draught beer and listening to sad hillbilly songs that sum up their yearnings for the hills they left behind. Their women, many of whom washed their clothes in the creeks back home, are fascinated by Laundromats, spend hours there sitting around talking long after the laundry is done. For religion, the mountaineers turn to the fundamentalist sects and their little store-front churches, where they can feel more comfortable and sing their lusty hymns to their hearts' content.

eers are finding it ever harder to realize the dream of accumulated wages that brought them north. Deprived socially and economically, they are torn between the city and the hills—and belong to neither. But sociologists consider them naturally bright and well-intentioned people who can find a place in the city and its life if they really try. As evidence of that theory, there is Robert Ford, 35, who moved to Cleveland with his wife and family five years ago from Welch, W. Va.—and now, with a good job as a factory grinder, lives in a clean, nicely furnished home. "They taught me a trade," he says. "Before that, all I knew was pick and shovel. I'm not special. Anybody from the South can make out here if they want to. When I came, I made it my business to get interested in the schools and city. If more people from the South would take the community to heart, they could make things better for themselves."

* Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia.

THE WORLD

EUROPE

Unity by Small Steps

Western Europe last week took a small but important step toward the glittering goal of political unity. At a conference in London, European foreign ministers learned that West Germany and Italy had abruptly dropped their insistence on a sweeping, supranational United States of Europe, were now busily lobbying for a less ambitious but more immediately achievable objective: a confederation of separate, sovereign states with a common council to coordinate national policies. Even long-reluctant Britain assured the continental nations that it, too, is now "wholeheartedly" committed to a politically unified Europe.

What European leaders now envisage, with important reservations, is the Europe

endorsed the idea after a conference with Fanfani earlier this month, now argues that it is the only immediately practical approach. With France and Italy, West Germany last week urged the Common Market's three other nations to commit themselves to confederation in a special treaty when they meet in Rome in June.

Indispensable Shield. But Belgium and The Netherlands still balked at the whole idea. Tough-minded Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak, one of the Common Market's founding fathers, deeply distrusts De Gaulle's obstructionist foreign policy, fears that a Europe of Fatherlands would give short shrift to smaller nations. In fact, the Benelux nations are only waging a delaying action until Britain joins the Common Market. Confident that the British will prove a powerful counterweight to France and a

and an expected 4% this year. This is partly a reflection of mounting competition from the newly robust economies of France and Italy (TIME, Jan. 12), which are slicing into Germany's export markets. With exports of capital goods off slightly this year, German steel production has dropped 10%. At the same time, wage raises have increased demands for imports, with the result that West Germany this year may suffer a deficit in its basic balance of payments.

Labor Catches Up. German businessmen complain that they are in danger of being priced out of world markets because wages in West Germany have been rising twice as fast as productivity. With labor costs up 21% in the past two years, German factory workers now earn an average \$35 for a 45½-hour week, the highest industrial wage scale in the Common



EUROPEAN FOREIGN MINISTERS IN LONDON*
Agreement—but with reservations.

of Fatherlands proposed by Charles de Gaulle, France's President, who is mistrustful of all supranational institutions that threaten France's *grandeur*, has long argued that the best way to achieve unity is through a council of heads of government—each with power to veto any decision—rather than a popularly elected European parliament. Other nations suspected that De Gaulle was out to dominate all foreign, defense and economic policies; they insisted that no plan for unified Europe be allowed to disturb either NATO or the economic decisions now in the hands of the Common Market's own supranational executive.

June Treaty? But fortnight ago at Turin, De Gaulle won support for his proposal from Italy's Premier Amintore Fanfani. In return, De Gaulle conceded specifically that: 1) a unified Europe will seek to strengthen, not undermine, the Atlantic Alliance; 2) heads of government will have no authority over the Common Market's economic affairs; 3) other existing supranational institutions, such as Europe's Coal & Steel Community, will remain independent.

West Germany's Konrad Adenauer, though previously committed to far-reaching European union, enthusiastically

staunchly pro-NATO voice in its councils, they will be less fearful of confederation as a halfway house to their ultimate ideal of supranational European union. Britain's Lord Privy Seal, Edward Heath, last week resolutely reaffirmed the primary concern of his government—and of the West: "We must make it clear beyond all doubt that the object of our common policy is to defend and strengthen those liberties for which the Atlantic Alliance is the indispensable shield."

WEST GERMANY

Prosperity, But

Is the bloom finally off the West German economic miracle?

West Germany's postwar economy is now 17 years old, and it is growing the way a 17-year-old usually does—fast, but not so fast as before. The real increase in the West German gross national product simmered down from a spectacular 8.8% in 1960 to "only" 5.3% last year

Market. And contrary to popular myth, they work less than other Europeans—about 14 days a year less than Dutch workers, for example. Nonetheless, union leaders continue to press for higher pay, arguing that they are simply making up for long years of obediently listening to pleas from management and government for wage discipline. The unions are in a strong position to do so because Germany has such an acute labor shortage that more than 500,000 jobs are going begging.

By paring profits, the wage raises have reduced German industry's capital investment. German businessmen like to finance expansion out of profits because they get a generous tax break for doing so and also save on interest payments. Last year, with profit margins running from 15% to 25%, West Germany pumped more than one-quarter of its G.N.P. into gross private investment, i.e., capital equipment, construction and inventories. (The rate in the U.S. was only 14% of the G.N.P.) Now that their profits are narrowing, German businessmen claim that their only recourse is to raise prices. When Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard recently complained about increases of up to 10% in auto prices, automakers answered in words that Roger Blough would

* From left: Luxembourg's Eugène Schaus, Britain's Lord Home, Belgium's Paul-Henri Spaak, Italy's Antonio Segni, France's Maurice Couve de Murville, The Netherlands' J.M.A.H. Luns, Britain's Lord Privy Seal, Edward Heath, Germany's Gerhard Schröder.

echo—that to compete in world markets, their industry needed to “make itself as strong financially as possible.”

Wages of Maturity. If such problems sound familiar, it is because, as it matures, the once-miraculous German economy is beginning to encounter some of the problems that the bigger U.S. economy faces. In the long view, some slowdown in the German boom is not only inevitable but desirable. Some of the slowdown, in fact, has been deliberately induced by the West German government's money managers, who have not only increased the value of the Deutsche Mark to trim what was until recently an embarrassingly large export bulge, but have lowered interest rates to discourage the inflow of foreign investment. West Germany has also begun—however modestly—to share with the U.S. the burden of aid to underdeveloped countries. The reason for this seemingly masochistic behavior: a cold-eyed recognition that if gold and foreign exchange continued to flow into Germany's coffers at the \$2 billion annual clip achieved two years ago, the ultimate result could only be critical damage to the delicately balanced economic and political interrelationships of the Western allies.

BERLIN

Safe to Leave

After the long, perilous winter, spring finally arrived in West Berlin last week. Billowing sails dotted the placid Wannensee; plump matrons nibbled pastry in the sun at open-air cafés along the broad Kurfürstendamm; amidst budding willows in the Grunewald forest, lovers strolled. Even the Russians were infected with spring fever: at the Soviet war memorial just inside West Berlin near the Brandenburg Gate, the two old T-34 tanks on permanent display were given a coat of bright green paint by a crew of Red army soldiers.

More important, the crew's Soviet colleagues were still avoiding trouble along the *Autobahnen* and in the air corridors. For the third straight week, U.S., British and French commercial planes and military convoys moved into Berlin without harassment. There were MIGs in the skies, all right, but they were en route to spring maneuvers in East Germany.

To many, the lull seemed a deliberate Soviet effort to warm the diplomatic atmosphere for the new round of negotiations on Berlin opening in Washington this week between Secretary of State Dean Rusk and the Kremlin's new Ambassador to the U.S., Anatoly Dobrynin. Moscow was aware that new U.S. proposals on Berlin were being circulated among the Western allies, obviously did not want to rock the boat until it saw what the West had to offer. In any case, the U.S. was still determined to retain allied access to the free city, and the Soviets showed no signs of abandoning their demands that the West get out. But the apparent willingness of Moscow to keep talking was an encouraging sign.



GENERAL CLAY
Departing with hope.

On hand to offer his advice about the talks last week was retired General Lucius D. Clay, President Kennedy's personal emissary, whose fulltime task in Berlin was over. Clay's seven months in the free city as the on-the-spot symbol of U.S. support had not passed entirely smoothly. His suggestions for tough displays of U.S. strength in Berlin were often pigeonholed in favor of more cautious advice from the State Department; his direct line to the White House sometimes upset the military and diplomatic chain of command, to the obvious anger of U.S. officers in Europe. In the current calm, it seemed time to bring him home.

General Clay felt much the same way. Flying in to Washington, he said: “In the

improved atmosphere, there's more hope of negotiations being successful than there is in a period of danger and tension . . . If Berlin is ever in real trouble, I will be back one way or another—you can be sure of that.” To the President, Clay was happy to report that Berlin showed every sign of surviving any onslaught short of outright siege. All the dire predictions that the war of nerves itself would paralyze the city had proved false. Savings accounts now totaled \$350,750,000, a new record for West Berlin; twice as many tourists were flooding the city (many to view the ugly Wall itself) as came at the same time last year; the once-worrisome population exodus was now ended. Said Clay: “West Berliners have recovered from the shock of the Wall . . . It is the healthiest-looking withering city you ever saw.”

FRANCE

An Identity of Views

President Charles de Gaulle last week picked a new Premier: Scholar-Banker Georges Pompidou, 50, a man who has never been elected to political office or served on a legislative body.

The resignation of Premier Michel Debré has been long rumored. Physically exhausted by his twelve-hour days as De Gaulle's errand boy, Debré has increasingly opposed, in private, De Gaulle's policy of centralizing authority in the presidency and his ignoring of the National Assembly. In the wake of De Gaulle's overwhelming victory in the national referendum approving the cease-fire agreement with the Algerian F.L.N., Debré argued for immediate parliamentary elections. His point: chances for a Gaullist sweep were now at their peak but would progressively decline in the months to come as the nation faced such issues as wages and prices, European political organization, nuclear policy—and touchiest of all—the voting of funds to an independent, Moslem-run Algeria.

De Gaulle, however, was disappointed by the high number of abstentions in the referendum—24.6% of the electorate—and by the number of invalid ballots, many of which were deliberately mutilated to indicate qualified disapproval of De Gaulle's demand for more personal power. He snapped to Premier Debré: “This country is flabby. This referendum is flabby.” When De Gaulle decided to postpone parliamentary elections, Debré's usefulness seemed at an end and, loyal as ever, he handed in his resignation.

New Premier Pompidou is a former schoolteacher from the mountainous Auvergne region of central France. He served on De Gaulle's civilian staff after World War II, aided the general in producing his *Memoirs*, and has long been a close personal friend. A tall, hefty intellectual with bristling eyebrows and a heavy-featured face, Pompidou joined the investment bank of Rothschild Frères in 1954, swiftly rose to general director. Stolid where Debré was emotional, inclined to make broad judgments where Debré worried



PREMIER POMPIDOU
Moving with destiny.



GENERAL JOUHAUD (WITH ARMS FOLDED) IN DOCK
He would have preferred to die on Algerian soil.

over details, Pompidou has been described as having "the same view of France and the same view of De Gaulle's destiny as De Gaulle himself." His appointment is widely interpreted as evidence that De Gaulle intends to lay an even heavier hand on the reins of government.

The First Warm Day

Police with submachine guns were on the roof of the Palais de Justice, at the doors, and inside the dim-lit gilt and paneled courtroom. On the dais sat a nine-man tribunal consisting of three French generals, three magistrates, two civilians and an admiral. In the dock last week appeared bull-necked, tough Edmond Jouhaud, 57, a former general who served as air force chief of staff, most recently No. 2 chieftain of the Secret Army Organization in Algeria, where last month he was ignominiously arrested without a fight.

No Regrets. Jouhaud was already condemned to death *in absentia* for his leading role in last April's "generals' putsch" in Algiers. But under French law such a sentence cannot be carried out without retrial. Additionally, last week, Jouhaud faced the tribunal accused of being a leader and member of the S.A.O., a "revolutionary organization aimed at overthrowing the government."

Making his opening declaration, Jouhaud spoke for nearly two hours in an unexpectedly high-pitched voice. He appealed to sentiment, dwelling on his Algerian birth, and saying that all he owned was "a few square meters" of cemetery containing the bodies of his grandparents and parents. His one regret was that he did not "die on Algerian soil. Apart from that, I regret nothing."

In defense of his role in the April putsch, Jouhaud tried to implicate De Gaulle's own supporters. Six days before the uprising, he said, a member of the staff of recently resigned Premier Michel De-

bré told him: "Debré thinks exactly as you think and as I think, but he dare not say so." Jouhaud astonishingly described the S.A.O., not as a close-knit terror group, but as a vast, popular movement with unspecified "social aims," comprising all the Europeans of Algeria and "many more Moslems than one thinks." He conceded there had been excesses, particularly in the indiscriminate slaughter of Moslems, but blamed them on "difficulties" in the chain of command. Maintaining a straight face, Jouhaud announced: "We deplore everything that opposes the two communities" of Europeans and Moslems, and insisted that the S.A.O. played the part of "moderator" between them. Cross-examined by the president of the court, Jouhaud tried to egg-walk his way between support of the S.A.O. in general and denial of any knowledge of serious S.A.O. crimes.

Luckily Alive. Testimony against Jouhaud came from five prosecution witnesses, all lucky to be alive. Two spoke in husky voices because of face and throat wounds from recent S.A.O. attacks; a third had barely lived through five assassination attempts in a single year—including a grenade thrown into his hospital room while he was recovering from an earlier wounding. General Jean Arthus, chief of the gendarmerie in Oran, said that eleven of his own men had been killed by the S.A.O., and 50 wounded. "For us," he said grimly, "the man responsible was Jouhaud."

A long string of character witnesses testified for the defense, ranging from old comrades who eloquently recalled Jouhaud's record as a loyal, hardbitten fighting man, to the pretty, blonde widow of Algerian-born Author Albert Camus, who broke into tears as she described Jouhaud and his family as "passionately attached to their land and not at all racist." From war-torn Algeria came a letter written by

the S.A.O.'s No. 1 chief, Raoul Salan, that was not likely to help Jouhaud, even though it called him "faithful to France and to Western civilization." Other news from Algeria must have seemed even more depressing last week: 1) in Jouhaud's old bailiwick of Oran, the S.A.O. launched and then lost a five-hour battle with French police and soldiers, and 2) in the rugged Ouarsenis Mountains, west of Algiers, Salan's dream of establishing a base in the countryside went glimmering in the first armed clash between detachments of the S.A.O. and the Moslem F.L.N.—the S.A.O. were routed with 30 dead, and the frightened remnants surrendered to French troops to escape being hunted down and butchered by Moslem villagers.

In the Palais de Justice, the French prosecutor asked the tribunal to hand down against Jouhaud a "sentence without weakness." On the first really warm day of spring last week, after deliberating for two hours and five minutes, the tribunal condemned the defendant to death. Standing at attention, Jouhaud heard the sentence. He went white. He looked over at his small, plump wife Odette, who met his gaze, calm and unflinching. The only appeal from the verdict is to President Charles de Gaulle. The defendant's attorneys said that Jouhaud's "honor" would not allow him to beg for mercy. After this play to the gallery, the lawyers promptly asked De Gaulle to commute Jouhaud's death sentence.

Beggars in Neckties

One of the many dislocations caused by the Algerian war is the flight of European refugees across the Mediterranean to France. An estimated 80,000 have already arrived. Hundreds more line up daily in Oran and Algiers to be carried to safety in French air force planes. To leave means defying the terrorists of the Secret Army Organization, who have decreed death for Europeans departing without an S.A.O. "visa." In a desperate effort to keep the 1,000,000 European population from dwindling further, the S.A.O. last week blew up the control tower at Algiers' airport.

War-time Climate. Yet for those refugees who do arrive, France is proving a cheerless asylum. A year ago, Jean Clément, 62, owned a 600-acre farm in Algeria. Today he is a grocer in Montpellier on the verge of bankruptcy. Complaining that his store is boycotted because he is a *pied-noir* (European of Algeria), Clément says angrily: "My father was killed at Verdun. I helped liberate France in 1944. I'm as good a Frenchman as anyone in Montpellier, but the animosity of the local population is terrible."

Rightly or wrongly, the transplanted whites from Algeria are identified with the plastic bombings and brutal murders of the S.A.O. The average Frenchman also dislikes them on personal grounds. The Algerian accent, which combines a throaty Arab intonation with a nasal drawl, falls unpleasantly on French ears. The *pieds-noirs* are considered pushy, noisy, boastful and vulgar. A Nice restaur-

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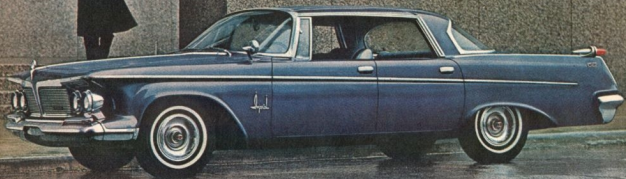
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rateur says: "You cannot spend ten minutes with them before the subject of their sexual prowess comes up. Their language and gestures are so raw that it's not surprising that no one, from high society to workers, invites *pieds-noirs* to their homes." About the only group to escape the widespread condemnation are young *pied-noir* girls, because 1) they are uncommonly good-looking; 2) being women, they are appreciably less crude and rude than the refugee men; and 3) the wartime climate of Algeria has made them eager for amour.

Lucky Ticket Taker. Even in labor-short France, the émigrés have difficulty finding jobs. An automobile mechanic insists he had employment until it was discovered that he was born in Algeria; then the company suddenly discovered that the job was already filled. A skilled accountant, who left Algiers after four of his family died in terror attacks, has been unemployed for ten months except for odd jobs at 45¢ an hour. Raphael Coudray, 37, a French army veteran who served as a volunteer in Korea, was wounded by a grenade in a terrorist attack in Algiers. In France he has been lucky enough to get a job collecting tickets in a cinema owned by another Algerian white. He says matter-of-factly: "Of course, I don't go around telling people I'm from Algeria; that would risk getting my block knocked off."

Cried one *pied-noir*: "We're foreigners in France. We're beggars in neckties." A penniless truck driver from Algiers, who sleeps in a Roman Catholic mission and exists on one meal a day, warns: "Things will explode if the government doesn't do something for us fast."

Sun & Sea. The government complains that three-quarters of the refugees settle in southern France because of their Algerian passion for sun, sea and light. But the south is already crowded by previous waves of refugees from Morocco, Indo-China and Tunisia. "The Algerians will have to spread out," says an official. "They simply can't all live in three or four agreeable southern cities." Extra bonuses are paid to *pieds-noirs* who will go north. One who did promptly fled the smoke and cold of industrial Dijon, describing it as "a city where one waits for death." Another, recoiling at the sight of the textile center of Lille, said: "One might as well live in Ireland."

President Charles de Gaulle last year decreed a series of aid measures for the émigrés. Each family and its personal effects are moved to France free of charge. The head of the family gets a departure bonus of \$100, plus \$40 for his wife and each child. A living allowance of \$900 to \$1,500 is granted for a maximum of a year to a family that cannot support itself. Vocational training is offered workers, and loans promised to businessmen.

The *pieds-noirs* want more. Algerian-born Lawyer Raphael Gaillardot cites the billions spent by West Germany on its refugees from the East, and argues: "Why should not France do as well for her citizens who were obliged by circumstances



RELOCATED "PIEDS-NOIRS" ARRIVING IN MARSEILLE
Defying death when they start, facing life when they stop.

beyond their control to abandon homes, businesses, jobs, farms and family tombs to settle in France?" Exasperated French bureaucrats call the *pieds-noirs* "ink bottles" because they write so many pleading and demanding letters to government offices.

Local French residents, especially in the crowded south, are convinced the newcomers need no help. "Their pockets are full," say the French cynically, convinced that the refugees liquidated their Algerian holdings at a profit. "Our pockets are empty!" cry the *pieds-noirs*, lamenting the forced sale of their homes and businesses. Béziers, a southern French city of 75,000, expects an influx of 15,000 more arrivals from Algeria within the coming year. An even greater avalanche of refugees will swarm onto the Riviera, enough perhaps to change the political complexion of the region and endanger the seats of Gaullist Deputies. Predicted a local official: "If the government just stands by and makes no plans, there'll be trouble and violence between the southerners and the *pieds-noirs*."

GREAT BRITAIN

The Lollipop Budget

Britons gobble more candy per capita (8 oz. weekly) than any other people in the world. As a result, they also have more toothaches than most—which has no apparent effect on candy consumption but causes a perpetual headache in the higher echelons of government, since the great majority of Britain's population gets its teeth fixed for nominal fees by the National Health Service. Though it collects taxes on every other luxury from dancing to death, the government has never levied a tax on sweets, as the British call their favorite vice.

Last week Chancellor of the Exchequer Selwyn Lloyd, a man never hitherto famed for political audacity, slapped a 15% tax on candy, ice cream and soda pop. Britons, shocked to their cavities by what many soon called "the Lollipop Budget," protested that it was a "tax on children,"

though craving for candy knows no age limits. The government will collect \$140 million a year from the sweet-tooth tax—which makes it a classic bit of budget balancing, since the government now pays exactly \$140 million yearly to dentists to repair the damage.

MONACO

Of Taxes & Telephones

The Casino at Monte Carlo was still firm on its foundations; the roulette wheels were running true. Princess Grace's promised return to Hollywood quickened the hearts of her countrymen. The sun bathed a harbor filled with yachts. Nevertheless, gloom last week hung over the tiny, 370-acre principality of Monaco. Reason: income taxes.

Ever since Monaco's Prince Charles III ruled in 1869 that the principality's wheels of chance were producing enough cash to run his government and to keep his people in antichokes, Monégasques have been free of the responsibility of taxes. But with the revival of big-time gambling in neighboring France after World War II, Monaco's Casino profits suffered. Prince Rainier III solved the problem by encouraging individual corporations to set up headquarters in the Monégasque tax haven. They responded with alacrity; since 1959, Monaco's business volume has doubled to \$200 million annually, and the number of corporations based there has climbed to 542.

The business boom arched eyebrows in France. Monaco's independence is in fact dependent on French tolerance. Under the terms of a 1951 good neighbor agreement with France, Monaco uses French electricity, French money, the French railway, and the French telephone system, sends its goods into France duty free. To quench the screams of French businessmen who claimed that vast new imports of duty free Monégasque products were cutting into their domestic markets, France suggested that Rainier modify Monaco's tax privileges. Rainier refused, huffing "Neither I nor the Monégasque people can or

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will accept these demands. They mean the end of our liberties."

But Charles de Gaulle is not a man easily defied. Last week France gave notice that it would end its privileged economic ties with Monaco unless the pocket principality agreed to a tax revision. France indicated that if Monaco refused, it would be treated just like any other foreign power; there were those who feared that De Gaulle might even turn off its electric lights and telephones.

ITALY

Plea Against Perversion

The 1929 Concordat between the Vatican and Italy prescribes "respect of the sacred character of Rome." But, to the disgust of Pope John XXIII, many Roman revelers prefer a common law of their own: *La Dolce Vita*—the sweet life. Lately, seldom does a day pass when a newspaper he reads is not splashed with yet another scandal. Last week he appealed to temporal rulers of the Eternal City to control "immorality that, as we are told, is raging in Rome no less than elsewhere."

The papal plea looked toward the forthcoming meeting of the Roman Catholic Church's ecumenical council, for which some 2,300 clerics and theologians will flock to Rome, many for their first view of the city. Urged Pope John, in a 4,500-word letter to Romans: Pray for "mortification of lust, aversion to mundane pomp and detachment from excessive avidity of riches . . . We like to call Rome a Holy City. God forbid it become a city of perversion."

Even as the Pope was preparing his message, Rome police broke up one of the city's thriving vice rings: a group of 35 college girls whose chief extracurricular activity was carried on in a brothel.

SYRIA

In & Out

In Damascus last week, Nazem El-Koudsi, 56, was beginning to feel like a man trapped in a revolving door. As President of Syria, Koudsi was taken prisoner last month by army officers overthrowing his government, and hustled off to jail together with most of his Cabinet.

Then the soldiers began squabbling among themselves: the garrison at Aleppo briefly mutinied, demanding Syria's reunion with Nasser's Egypt; pro-Nasser mobs in Homs, Hama and Aleppo killed a score of army men; a handful of officers accused of political ambitions were shipped off to exile abroad. The army commander in chief, General Abdel Karim Zahreddin, tried vainly to put together a "government of technicians."

Apparently at a loss for a better idea, the top military men last week sheepishly sprung Koudsi from jail and re-installed him as President. In what sounded like obvious relief, General Zahreddin said that his army is "determined to go back to its barracks after an honest, clean and free government has been established."

KENYA

Cooperation?

After seven tense weeks of bickering over a constitution, Kenya's African leaders flew home from London last week hoping to prepare their country for independence in 1963. Through delicate compromise, Britain had won African acceptance of its constitutional proposals, and persuaded both major political parties to form a coalition government to rule the colony in the meantime. In the House of Commons, where he acknowledged a rare Opposition tribute to his skill in concluding the long, costly (\$756,000) conference, Britain's Colonial Secretary Reginald Maudling declared: "We have now begun the process of cooperation by which alone



RONALD NGALA
Watch out for Jomo.

Kenya's urgent political and economic problems can be tackled."

Were Maudling's hopes illusory? Hardly had the Kenya Africans stepped off their planes in Nairobi when squabbling broke out among the leaders, notably KANU's grey-bearded Jomo ("Burning Spear") Kenyatta, 72, and solemn Ronald Ngala, 39, president of KADU, and since 1961 top African in the Kenya cabinet. Though Kenyatta and Ngala will jointly head Kenya's interim government, they sounded like enemies. Bragged Ngala to his supporters on arrival: "KADU has emerged triumphant and has won out against Kenyatta." Old Jomo had a sneering retort: "We would have returned with Kenya's complete independence if it hadn't been for KADU leaders who insisted on taking orders from their colonialist bosses."

In fact, the constitution proposes substantial concessions to Ngala's minority

© KADU stands for Kenya African Democratic Union; KANU for Kenya African National Union.



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The Authors

There are many, including: Dr. James B. Conant, former President of Harvard; Thomas C. Mendenhall, President of Smith College; Dr. Kenneth Holland, President of the Institute of

International Education; and Senator J. W. Fulbright.

The Facts

Chapters include, among other items, a detailed outline of the steps to take in choosing a foreign university; foreign travel and education; possibilities for fluency in a foreign language; and a listing of U.S. colleges now offering programs for undergraduate overseas study.

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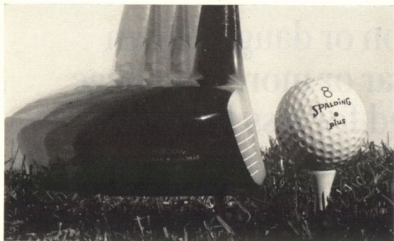
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KADU party. By contrast with KANU, which is overwhelmingly backed by Kenya's six most powerful tribes—notably the powerful Kikuyu—KADU seeks support from the Masai, Baluhya and other tribes that are numerically smaller but occupy far more land than KANU's tribes. Fearful of a massive land grab by KANU supporters, many of whom devoutly believe Kenyatta's pledge that there will be land or jobs for all, Ronald Ngala demanded—and got—a measure of decentralization giving local control over African land rights, police, education and health.

However, Kenyatta's KANU seems certain of working control in Kenya's two-house federal parliament, enough control in fact to rewrite the London-made constitution its own way once the white chiefs leave and the Africans get full power.

SOUTH VIET NAM

"We Are Being Overrun"

The first Americans to die in battle against the Communist Viet Cong guerrillas fell in a remote valley of South Viet Nam last week.

Scene of the struggle was a jungle clearing outside An Chau, a village 360 miles north of Saigon. There, U.S. Sergeants James Gabriel of Honolulu and Wayne E. Marchand of Plattsmouth, Neb., were drilling 31 local Vietnamese volunteers in a two-week field exercise in guard techniques and patrolling. Along to watch the exercises were two new American arrivals in South Viet Nam, Sergeants Francis Quinn of Niagara Falls, N.Y., and George E. Groom of St. Joseph, Mo. All went well until the third night of the exercise.

Suddenly, at 10 p.m., there was rustling in the saw grass across a nearby river. Concerned, Sergeant Gabriel fired warning shots, sent up flares in the direction of the noise. For a long time there was silence. Then came what sounded like a dog's bark. From a different direction, a cock crowed. At last came the tap of a bamboo tocsin, and the Viet Cong came running out of the dark.

This first attack was quickly repulsed, but shortly after daybreak the guerrillas came back in earnest. Five Viet Cong guerrillas rushed the command post, were shot down, only to be followed by five more from another direction. "I saw Sergeant Gabriel phoning and shooting and changing clips all at the same time," said a Vietnamese afterwards. "Three times he was wounded and knocked down. The third time he didn't get up." Before he fell, Gabriel radioed a final message to the U.S. base at Danang seven miles away: "Under heavy attack from all sides. Completely encircled by enemy. Ammunition expended. We are being overrun."

When 20 Americans rushed down from Danang in helicopters, they found the bodies of Gabriel and Marchand. Each had been shot in the head as the Viet Cong fled. The other two Americans had been kidnaped and marched off toward the Laos frontier 40 miles away.

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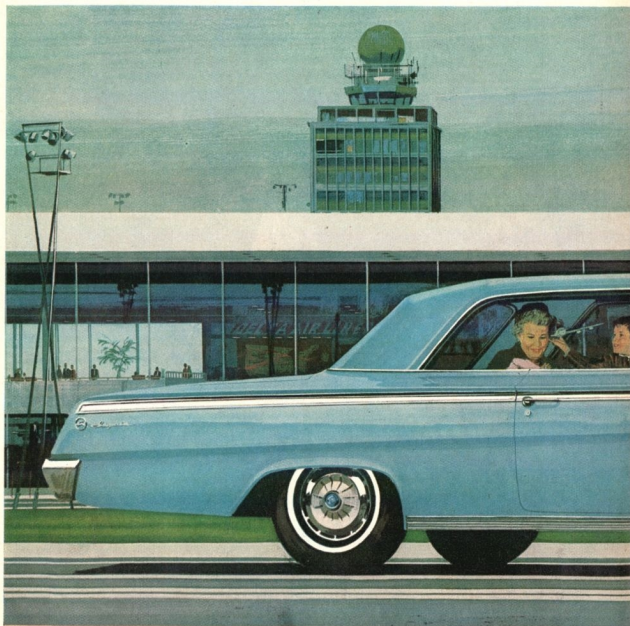
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But, of all this Chevrolet's charms, perhaps the most endearing is that gentle Jet-smooth ride. There's a big sinewy Full Coil spring at each wheel teamed with over 700 insulators and absorbers at work throughout the car. And that means you whiz around in peace and quiet with the feeling that maybe bumps have gone underground for good. Nor have we done anything short of our best in the Little-Things-That-Count Department. For instance, the Jet-smooth Chevrolet offers you crank-operated ventipanes (no hooked pull-handles to jam fingers or split fingernails on), parallel-



ride !

action electric windshield wipers (no center blind spot), high-level air intakes (cleaner, fresher outside air for you) and a single-key locking system (exit the two-key nuisance). Want more? It's all there, as a sample ride in the car that's taken the expense out of feeling expensive will show you. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



JET-SMOOTH CHEVROLET



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CUBA

On the Block

The pirates are long since gone from the Spanish Main, and so are the slave traders. Their techniques, though, are well-remembered in Communist Cuba. Last week four members of the Cuban Families Committee for Liberation of Prisoners of War flew to Havana on a sorry mission—to negotiate the auction of 1,179 prisoners captured in last year's abortive Bay of Pigs invasion. A mass trial had found them guilty of treason; now at prices ranging from \$25,000 to \$500,000, Castro offered them for sale. Otherwise, said he, the prisoners would serve 30 years in prison.

In Havana the ransom delegation was welcomed with hand-rubbing expectation. Castro himself saw to the customers, and after 5½ hours of haggling agreed to release 60 men—all of them sick or wounded. As the pathetic captives arrived in Miami, 6,000 weeping elites tried to sing the Cuban national anthem. The sight of the men choked it off; some were on crutches, one man bravely saluted with his left hand—his right arm had been shot away.

The Cuban revolution was quite obviously hurting for *Yanqui* dollars—though a mere \$62 million will not go far to repair Cuba's economy. Speculating on very little evidence, some hopeful Washington Castrologists wondered if there might be another reason why Castro seemed eager to negotiate. Was Castro, feeling his control threatened by the Communists around him, shifting to a Khrushchev-style "co-existence" line with the U.S.?

Whatever the explanation, the official U.S. reaction to the prisoner offer was no sale. "The U.S. cannot engage in a negotiation like that," said President Kennedy.

However, the U.S. Government would not stand in the way of any private efforts to raise the \$62 million ransom.

Where would anyone get that kind of money? In Miami, the Families Committee said that it had little cash, but did have "pledges" (it would not say from whom) for \$28 million worth of food. The food had been offered to Castro, who insisted on cash. For the first 60 men he demanded \$3,000,000 but agreed to release them "on credit." The transaction, said the committee that flew to Havana, "constitutes for us a debt of honor." To raise the money, they would "continue to appeal to the humanitarian American public."

JAMAICA

Return of the Chief

After 307 years of colonial rule, Jamaica, biggest and richest of the British West Indies, goes its independent way Aug. 6. Last week the island's voters chose the government that will steer them through the first days of independence.

Chief contenders were two cousins who quarreled 20 years ago and have enlivened Jamaican politics ever since with their name-calling feud. "The opposition is made up of fools," cried incumbent Premier Norman Washington Manley, 68, an aloof, Oxford-educated barrister. In even louder voice was his opponent, Sir William Alexander Bustamante, 78, a tempestuous, half-Irish Bohemian. Manley billed himself as "The Man with the Plan," but to Bustamante he was only "The Clot with the Plot."

On election day, Old Busta and his Jamaica Labor Party had the better of the argument. By the narrow margin of 4,647 votes in a total of 569,781, Manley, after seven years in office, was defeated.

Manley won the big towns. But Bustamante was the hero of the sugar cane workers. His party won 26 of the 45 seats in the House of Representatives, returning the aging "Chief" to the premiership that he had held from 1944 to 1955.

He inherits some serious economic difficulties. Manley's earnest efforts to expand sugar and bauxite production have tripled Jamaica's gross national product to \$675 million. But 93% of the island's 1,600,000 people are still on a bare subsistence level and unemployment still runs at 18% of the 700,000-man labor force. Nor does it help that Manley's forced-draft programs have turned a \$9,800,000 treasury surplus into a \$115 million debt. Jamaica can no longer count on London for money, having dropped out of the West Indies Federation, leaving the nine other British islands in the Caribbean to fend for themselves.

If Bustamante had a plan to improve matters, he was keeping it to himself. But he obviously sees a large role for the U.S., whose tourists already bring \$38 million a year to Jamaica. While Manley had conducted a mild flirtation with the Soviet bloc, Busta was now looking steadfastly West. "There will be no neutrality from this day on," he announced. "I will go to the U.S. shortly to make a mutual defense treaty." As an afterthought, the Chief delightedly noted: "The Kremlin has not sent congratulations to me—and they damn well wouldn't."

BRAZIL

How Much Time?

Brazil and the U.S. signed an agreement last week that should go a long way toward making life bearable for the 25 million peasants in Brazil's poverty-stricken, drought-blasted Northeast bulge. Over the next several years, the two countries will pump \$276 million into the area—\$131 million from the U.S., \$145 million from Brazil—to build roads, power plants, schools and irrigation projects. The question is whether the two Alliance for Progress partners have enough time.

In the primitive Northeast last week, the fast-growing Communist-influenced Peasant Leagues were on the point of open rebellion against the landlords who monopolize what wealth there is in the blighted area. The leagues had a martyr, too. One of their leaders, João Pedro Teixeira, 40, had been murdered as he walked along a road near his home town of Sapé. Police said one suspect confessed that he had been paid by the landlords. As the peasants gathered by the thousands to stage protest marches, jittery plantation owners called in the army. Troops fanned out across three states, raiding Peasant League headquarters and searching for "agents of subversion."

Wrote Rio's respected *Jornal do Brasil*: "The agents of subversion are the big landowners who refuse to admit times have changed."



"PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE SOMETHING LESS EXPENSIVE . . ."

PEOPLE

Warming up at a press conference for a bit of political education work among his Iowa minions in Des Moines, Teamster Boss **Jimmy Hoffa** righteously excoriated Old Enemy Bobby Kennedy for "acting like a little hoodlum" and "not representing this country's democracy in a proper manner." The Attorney General's offense: "He travels around the world in his shirtsleeves."

In a gambit that Capablanca never dreamed of, bumptious U.S. Chess Champion **Bobby Fischer**, 19, invoked the majesty of the law against former Champion Samuel Reshevsky, 50, himself an ex-boy wonder. Having defaulted a 16-game series with Reshevsky last summer by disdaining to show up for an 11 a.m. match, Late-Riser Fischer sued for resumption of the competition lest "his reputation as the most skillful and proficient chess player in the U.S. be irreparably damaged and tarnished."

By way of proof that not all Harvardmen fetch up on the New Frontier, Massachusetts' Senator **Leverett Saltonstall** ('14) assembled at a Capitol lunch eleven fellow alumni who are all Republican members of Congress. Flaunting their Cambridge-induced independence of mind by wearing their three-button suits, the old boys did not hesitate to bite the hand that had fed them knowledge. "A Harvard professor," proclaimed Ohio's Representative John Ashbrook ('52), "is an egghead who thinks the American eagle needs two left wings." The consensus was best expressed by New York's Senator Kenneth Keating (L.L.B., '23): "It's about time it is known that Harvard turns out enlightened men as well as Democrats."

Under the apprehensive eye of a more practiced Pagliacci, Emmett Kelly, 63, Novice Clown **Debbie Reynolds**, 30, went through her droopy-trousered paces at a



EMMETT KELLY & DEBBIE REYNOLDS
Some laughs to prevent cries.

Los Angeles premiere of the International Super Circus. Other show business talents ranging from Sammy Davis Jr. to Jayne Mansfield also donated their services to the benefit performance in support of a cause peculiarly appropriate for Hollywood: a clinic for emotionally disturbed children.

The White House lawn provided a cornucopia of attractions for the twin firmaments of the Washington week, Jacqueline Kennedy and Empress Farah (see THE NATION). "Be sure," Fledgling Hostess Caroline Kennedy told Mother, "to show her Robin's grave." The beloved pet bird (a canary despite its name) had been laid to rest just a day before, and the visiting queen stifled a smile to affect fitting bereavement. Most fawned-over fauna on the landscape, however, was



JOHN F. KENNEDY JR.
No daffodils, please!

John F. Kennedy Jr., 1½, who sprang up in his perambulator to pay court to the dazzling empress, but adamantly said, "No," when she proffered a daffodil.

Having decided after long and clamorous struggle that "the day of the small, family-held corporation is gone," Vivien Kellems, 65, Connecticut's would-be Joan of Arc whose "voices" seem to ring like Ayn Rand, sold out her 34-year-old cable-grip works in Stonington. But her vendetta against the Internal Revenue Service would go on. Renouncing a 1961 pledge to stick to her "knitting by the fireside" (among other reasons: she can't knit), Liberty Belle Kellems menacingly warned the bureaucratic foe: "I'm just getting a second breath."

In a sentimental Capitol Hill ceremony mustering many of the Congressional colleagues who voted to end his 20-year



JOE MARTIN & JOE MARTIN
A few thought enough.

Republican House leadership in 1959, a bust of Massachusetts' genial Representative **Joseph Martin**, 77, this week was unveiled in the "Hall of Fame" rotunda of the Old House Office Building. Sculpted by Suzanne Silvercrucy Stevenson, artist sister of ex-Belgian Ambassador to the U.S. Baron Robert Silvercrucy, the bust, commissioned by women's Republican clubs, will take its place alongside eight other hallowed Congressional heads already in the hall.

Inevitably, in these days of equality of the sexes, the New Frontier pastime of club quitting spread to the ladies. The Daughters of the American Revolution had barely recovered from the oblique rebuffs of Jacqueline Kennedy when they were flat-out repudiated by an almost one-time First Lady, **Elizabeth Stevenson Ives**, 64, sister of the U.S.'s U.N. Ambassador. Opting out some 50 years after she first joined the Illinois chapter named for Grandmother Letitia Green Stevenson (wife of U.S. Vice President Adlai Ewing Stevenson and the D.A.R.'s only four-time President-General), "Buffie" Ives charged that "a growing number of the official policies of the organization are wholly out of line with the policies of the U.S. as formulated by both the Republican and Democratic parties and as overwhelmingly endorsed by a majority of the American voters."

Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries—the mortuary-like bureau of cultural standards which in November auctioned off the "Million-Dollar Rembrandt" for \$2,300,000—last week provided some even more provocative insights into the values of U.S. collectors. Where a penciled score by **Frederic Chopin** went for \$40, a set of letters from **John Glenn** to an auto dealer fetched \$425 and a collection of **Charles Lindbergh** memorabilia brought \$3,500. Sharpest reflection of the spirit of the age, however, was the price commanded by some correspondence of **Sigmund Freud**: \$13,500.



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MILESTONES

Married. Habib Bourguiba, 58, mercurial President of Tunisia; and Ouassila Ben Ammar, 49, plump onetime street fighter for Tunisia's 1956-granted independence and part of the presidential entourage ever since; both for the second time; in the House of Happiness, the President's palace in La Marsa, Tunisia. Bourguiba thoughtfully awarded his nation's top honor, the Order of Independence, to his first wife, French-born Mathilde Laurin, 72, after he divorced her last year.

Died. Harold Albert Lamb, 69, gifted popularizer of history who chronicled the Oriental despots from *Genghis Khan* to *Suleiman the Magnificent*, a dedicated student of the Middle East who could read Turkish, Arabic and Persian and during World War II was a top OSS agent in the area, yet could also expand the three known facts about the life of Omar Khayyam into 316 pages of entertaining reading and turn out movie scripts (*The Golden Horde*, *The Crusades*) that delighted the heart of Cecil B. DeMille; of stomach cancer; in the Mayo Brothers' Clinic in Rochester, Minn.

Died. Lieut. Gen. Manton Sprague Eddy, 69, U.S.A. (ret.), squinty, steadfast foot soldier who won a World War I commission as a second lieutenant despite having been expelled from two high schools, in World War II led the fast-moving 9th Division through North Africa and Sicily, subsequently took the XIIIth Corps across the Rhine and as Commander, U.S. Army in Europe, rebuilt the occupation army in Germany into a mainstay of NATO's shield; of a heart attack; at Fort Benning, Ga.

Died. Michael Curtiz (pronounced *Curt-teeze*), 73, Oscar-winning (for *Casablanca*) Hollywood director, a leathery Hungarian import who, in a 35-year career spent largely with Warner Bros., directed 80-odd films ranging from blood and thunder (*The Charge of the Light Brigade*) to canned Americana (*White Christmas*), was famed for his malapropisms ("Make a love nest") and his gall (he cut the sermon to the birds out of *Francis of Assisi* as "too corny"), but stubbornly insisted "I put all the art into my pictures I think the audience can stand"; of cancer; in Hollywood.

Died. Culbert Levy Olson, 85, ex-Governor of California and the first Democrat to hold the post since 1894, a wealthy Utah-born New Dealer whose first official act after his election in 1938 was to pardon Labor Organizer Tom Mooney from life imprisonment for the bombing of a 1916 San Francisco Preparedness Day parade, and who was beaten in a re-election bid by his own Republican attorney general, Earl Warren; of pneumonia; in Los Angeles.

IBM

engineers set out several years ago to find a faster, simpler way of using electricity to put words on paper.

They began their search by forgetting the past fifty years of typewriter design.

The machine they developed is a new kind of typewriter, the IBM SELECTRIC. It has no type bars, no moving carriage. A metallic sphere no larger than a golf ball skims across the page, printing characters faster than the eye can see. To change type styles, you

merely slip one typing element off, click another into its place. The IBM engineers even found a way to make the typewriter jam-proof through a unique stroke storage system that remembers one character while another is being printed.

Development of the SELECTRIC began with questions instead of preconceptions. Whether designing better typewriters or advanced computer systems, IBM applies this same approach to help businessmen and scientists solve information-handling problems.

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Who's Asking?

The presumption of President Kennedy's proposed program for general federal aid to education is that school boards are crying for help. Last week the 90,000-member National School Boards Association released the first results of a significant poll on the subject:

► Of 13,000 board members so far counted (statistically enough to establish the trend), 55.2% oppose general aid, 30.6% are for it, the rest are undecided or uninterested. In the West, which least favors aid, the ratio is 65% to 22%. Even in the

for the ceremony. "I can't let the lads down," he said. "The eye was never much good anyway."

The attack by Cambridge Don Leavis has been topic A in London literary circles for weeks. According to Leavis, former Cambridge Don (1930-50) Snow's famed thesis on the misunderstanding between the "two cultures," science and humanities, "exhibits an utter lack of intellectual distinction and an embarrassing vulgarity of style." Leavis labeled Snow as not only "portentously ignorant," but also as a non-novelist who "can't be said to know what a novel is." And worse, Snow is a



ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS

C.P. LAID LOW BY DETACHED RETINA

"I want a man who knows something about himself. And is appalled."

South, which most favors aid, opponents are in the majority by 42% to 32%.

► More than half of the respondents say that over the next five years they can handle needed school construction without federal aid. The same goes for teaching reforms (61%) and teachers' pay (64%). And of those whose districts will need help, the vast majority favor more state, rather than federal, aid.

► As for federal aid to nonpublic schools, 76% of the board members are firmly against it.

Sunny Snow

Sir Charles Percy Snow is a novelist of one-upmanship in British science and politics. But seldom has Snow's fiction matched his life in the past year or so. His novel, *The Affair*, became a London stage hit that is Broadway bound; his Harvard lectures, "Science and Government," roused a storm that roiled the Establishment. Last month Critic F. R. Leavis subjected him to a savage literary mugging, and soon after, Snow suffered a detached retina that may cost the sight of his left eye. But last week Sir Charles ignored all trials for a new triumph: his installation as 30th Lord Rector of Scotland's ancient (1411) St. Andrews University. Snow postponed an eye operation

middlebrow promoter of science who "has become for a vast public on both sides of the Atlantic a mastermind and a sage."

Refusing to answer, Snow found plenty of defenders. Author William Gerhardt called Leavis "the Himmler of Literature." Dame Edith Sitwell suggested that Leavis was jealous of Snow's fame, and Lord Boothby (former rector of St. Andrews) wrote in the *Spectator*: "There are plenty of beetles in Cambridge. But, without doubt, Dr. Leavis has now qualified for the post of Chief Beetle." Yet, although one critic called Snow's novels "intellectual soap opera," few discussed Leavis' basic concern, the tendency of technology to suffocate humanities.

No one was less bothered by the Leavis barrage than the 2,000 scarlet-robed students of St. Andrews, who have the unusual tradition of electing someone likable and lustrous to represent them on the university's governing council. Hard by the renowned golf course, St. Andrews is known for its equitable violence of yore. Protestant Reformer George Wishart was burned there in 1546, and two months later his nemesis, David Cardinal Beaton, was hanged from the local castle window.

These days, the students simply haul the new rector about the cobbled streets in a handcar, subjecting him to indignities



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on the way. But last week they relented for ailing Rector Snow, and he responded with an address that might have been aimed at Critic Leavis had not Snow announced its theme months ago. The title: "On Magnanimity." His main theme was that the more advanced nations of the world should show greater understanding and generosity toward the poor countries. But he turned a sharp point toward individual magnanimity, deplored "a very ugly streak of malice" in Britain, and quoted one of his own characters: "I want a man who knows something about himself. And is appalled. And has to forgive himself to get along."

Biggest Teachers' Strike

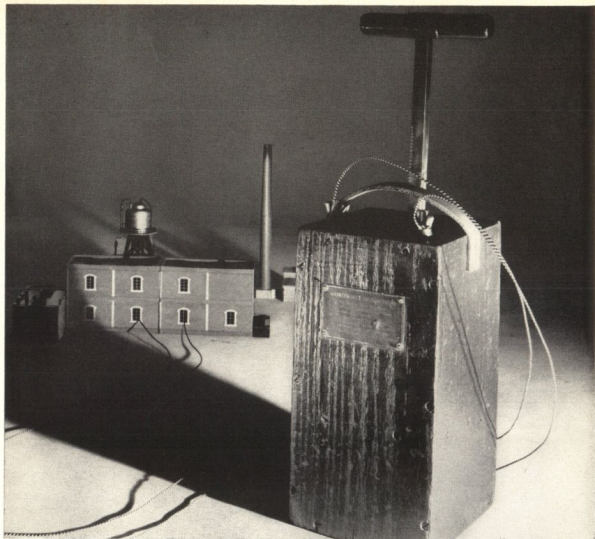
In the biggest strike by public servants in U.S. history, more than half of New York City's 40,000 public-school teachers last week crippled the nation's biggest urban school system.

The strike lasted only one day. But at least 25 of the city's 840 public schools were shut down, classes were disrupted in most of the rest, and the wildest of New York's 1,004,257 pupils had a field day. With nonstriking teachers unable to keep control, the kids tossed erasers and toilet paper out the windows, threw eggs and rocks at the pickets, used their fists on everything from parked cars to one another. Board of Education President Max Rubin called the strike "reckless, irresponsible, immoral and illegal." But the striking teachers stood their ground. "The only way we can get dignity and respect is to show the city and the state we mean business," said one picket. "They thought we were weak."

Too Strict to Enforce. The strike was called by the 15,000-member United Federation of Teachers, A.F.L.-C.I.O., which by a two-thirds majority last December won election as the teachers' sole bargaining agent. Demanding a \$53 million raise, the union aimed to boost New York's current pay scale of \$4,800-\$8,650 (plus bonuses) to \$5,400-\$9,500. When the board of education insisted that only \$28 million was available from city and state funds, the teachers went out.

Teachers in New York State are bound by the Condon-Wadlin Act, which outlaws strikes by public employees on pain of dismissal and sets a three-year ban on pay raises for rebuffed strikers. But New York, which already has a teacher shortage, could hardly fire 22,000 teachers. Instead, the board of education stopped the strike with a restraining order. It was up against a militancy that it never quite expected. "People expect teachers to act like angels. But when the board of education acts like a factory owner, we have to respond accordingly," said one picket.

Dying System. New York was once a teachers' mecca, the high-paying home of nationally renowned academic high schools. Compared with other big cities, it still pays well: the New York median salary is \$7,425 (v. the national \$5,716). Yet New York has a lower starting salary than any of 104 surrounding school districts, and pay seems so skimpy for men



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NEW YORK TEACHERS PICKETING
"Irresponsible, illegal"—and angry.

teachers in particular that an estimated 50% of them work an average three hours a day at moonlighting jobs.

Worse, the city's schools have been left stagnant by a middle-class migration to private schools as well as the suburbs. One recent study showed that some city schools are still using 1933 history books and 1935 science books. New York City employs more teachers than any of 43 states; yet many suburbs have twice as many teachers per 1,000 students. And an influx of less "academically talented" Negroes and Puerto Ricans has made much city teaching more custodial than academic. While suburban teachers tinker with exciting experiments, city teachers grapple with remedial reading and "toilet patrol."

According to one recent study, New York City should be spending twice as much on schools. But a new board of education (the old one was deposed last year after school construction scandals) is stymied. Mayor Robert F. Wagner proposes to spend \$525 million for fiscal 1962-63, a gain of only \$60 million, which precludes big pay raises. When the union balked last week, Wagner suddenly charged Governor Nelson Rockefeller with trimming expected state aid. Teachers, feeling trapped in a politicians' squabble, got angrier yet. Not until after the strike did Rockefeller find an extra \$13 million.

The strike was a landmark in the unfolding history of the New York union's parent, the 75,000-member American Federation of Teachers. In cities across the country where teacher morale is low, the A.F.T. is outstripping its bigger "professional" rival, the 765,600-member National Education Association, which shuns strikes and collective bargaining. Last week's strike may well stiffen U.S. school boards against the union. But it did produce phalanxes of traditionally timid teachers mad enough to hit the bricks like miners and dockers.

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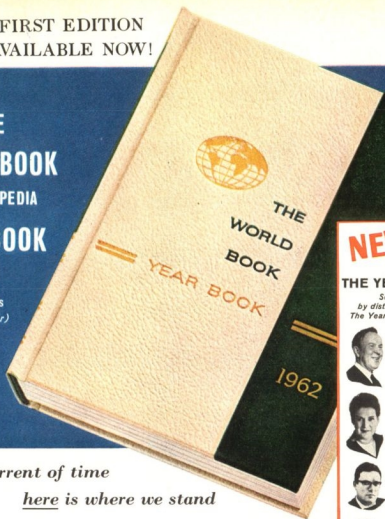
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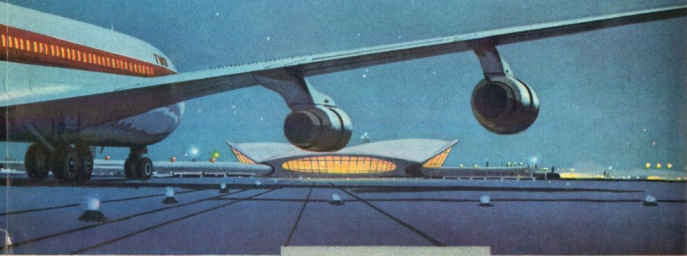
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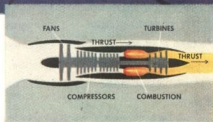
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RELIGION

Witness to an Ancient Truth

(See Cover)

On a hill outside Jerusalem, a carpenter from Nazareth, condemned by the Roman Procurator of Judea and the high priest of the Jews, died upon a cross. Four historians of the time soberly reported that he was buried, and that on the third day the carpenter, Jesus, rose from the dead. Since that first Easter, his followers have defied all reason to proclaim that the Jew of Nazareth was the Son of God, who, by dying for man's sin, reconciled the world to its Creator and returned to life in his glory. Christianity has always been content to stand or fall by this paradox, this mystery, this unfathomable truth. "If Christ has not been raised," wrote St. Paul to the young church of Corinth, "then our preaching is in vain, and your faith is in vain. If Christ has not been raised, your faith is futile, and you are still in your sins."

In the 20th century, no man has been a stronger witness to the continuing significance of Christ's death and Christ's return than the world's ranking Protestant theologian, Swiss-born Karl Barth (rhymes with heart). Barth knows that the Gospel accounts of the Resurrection are not coherent, but he refuses to make the mystery more palatable to human reason by suggesting—as did the great 19th century Theologian D. F. Strauss in his *Life of Jesus*—that the story of the crucifixion is a "myth." Instead, Barth argues that the subject of this unique event is God, not man; and only God can know the full truth of his own history. Man's only road to understanding of this divine history is through faith—faith in the reality and truth of what the Evangelists so incoherently describe.

"Do you want to believe in the living Christ?" says Barth. "We may believe in him only if we believe in his corporeal resurrection. This is the content of the New Testament. We are always free to reject it, but not to modify it, nor to pretend that the New Testament tells something else. We may accept or refuse the message, but we may not chance it."

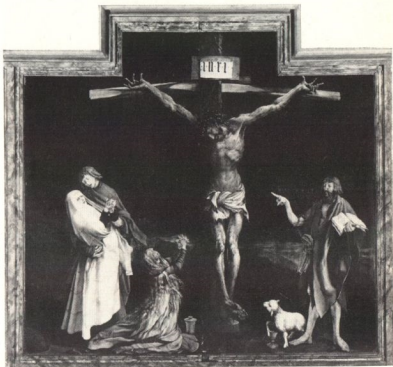
Love & Scorn. Last week, at the age of 75, the author of this challenge to modern skepticism was enjoying his first visit to the U.S.—a country whose history he loves and whose way of life he professes to scorn. Arriving in Chicago, Barth quickly found time to check theatrical versions of that life, saw performances of two plays by Edward Albee, and the current review of the iconoclastic troupe that performs in a coffeehouse-nightclub called The Second City. Among Protestant theologians, Barth's arrival has caused as much stir as would a visit by the Pope to a Jesuit convention. At the University of Chicago, Barth will receive an honorary doctorate of divinity, deliver five lectures on evangelical theology. Busloads of theologians and ministers are coming from as far as New Mexico and California in hopes of hearing him. A week later Barth

will repeat the lectures at Princeton Theological Seminary. Oddly enough, Barth is as interested in seeing battlefields as debating with his fellow theologians. An amateur expert on the Civil War, he has insisted that his travels include a stop at Gettysburg.

Barth has been variously damned as a heretic, a narrow-minded Biblicist, and an atheist in disguise—and praised as the most creative Protestant theologian since John Calvin. President James McCord of Princeton Theological says that "he bestrides the theological world like a colossus." Harvard's German-born Paul Tillich,

Van Til of Westminster Theological Seminary speaks for a host of U.S. fundamentalists in charging that "Barthianism is even more hostile to the theology of Luther and Calvin than Romanism."

The Yardstick. Barth is a theologian's theologian, whose work in "that beautiful science" by which man seeks to know God is the yardstick that measures what other men do. His treatment of Christian dogma has soared across denominational boundaries, affecting the thought of Baptists, Lutherans and Episcopalians as well as his own Reformed Church. Preachers read him, and his thought probably affects a good share of the sermons spoken in U.S. churches any given Sunday, but laymen hardly know his name. He has



"CRUCIFIXION" BY MATTHIAS GRUNEWALD
Christianity stands or falls by this paradox, this mystery.

the contemporary religious thinker whose stature most nearly rivals Barth's, has often disagreed with Barth—"shouting at each other over a glass of wine"—but calls him "the most monumental appearance in our period." Roman Catholic theologians, notably in Europe, have praised his thinking in terms they usually reserve for St. Thomas Aquinas. Once, upon hearing that Pius XII had paid tribute to his work, Barth smiled and said, "This proves the infallibility of the Pope." More seriously, he insists that the best critical work on his works—over 500 titles so far—has been done by such Catholic thinkers as French Jesuit Henri Bouillard and Father Hans Urs von Balthasar of Basel.

By contrast, Reinhold Niebuhr regards Barth as a "man of infinite imagination and irresponsibility" writing "irrelevant theology to America. I don't read Barth any more," he says. And Dr. Cornelius

far fewer disciples in the U.S. than either Niebuhr or Tillich; and even in Germany, young theologians find more impact in the Christian existentialism of Rudolf Bultmann (*TIME*, April 14, 1961). All this is fine with Barth himself, who disowns the idea of a school—"except for my two sons"—meaning Markus, 46, a New Testament scholar at the University of Chicago, and Christoph, 44, who teaches Old Testament in Djakarta.

In a way, this lack of a following is a tribute to the originality and individuality of Barth's accomplishments. His kind of God-thinking has been commonly called "neo-orthodoxy" and "theology of crisis"—labels that Barth rejects, since they scarcely define it at all. Essentially, Barth is a Christological theologian, whose uniquely modern thought centers around ancient realities: faith, the Bible, the church. He has a philosopher's knowledge



BARTH WITH SECRETARY & SECOND CITY ACTORS IN CHICAGO
A Calvinist—but not a gloomy one.

ARTHUR SIEGEL

of philosophy, but unlike such contemporaries as Tillich or Bultmann, Barth is wary of restating the dogmas of the church in non-traditional language. His thought is complex, but he nonetheless writes of doctrine in prose that is not far removed from that of the pulpit. Above all, he writes of the mysterious history of Christ. Knowledge of God is knowledge of God through Christ. Faith is faith in Christ; the church is the Church of Christ; the Bible is the witness of Christ. Theologian Hans Frei of Yale calls him "a Christ-intoxicated man."

Dogmatist Greets Dog. In person, Barth looks like a Hollywood type-cast of a German professor, right down to his scholar's stoop and his thick, dark-rimmed glasses planted far down on his nose. His conservative suits are usually rumpled and flecked with tobacco from the pipe that seldom is out of his mouth. Barth is a Calvinist, but not a gloomy one; at home he speaks kindly to large dogs and small children (in guttural Swiss-German), displays a mellow, Dutch-uncle patience with puzzled students. In conversation Barth is full of wisecracks—some pleasantly paxy, some theologian-arch. Once, asked by a stranger on the trolley car if he knew the great Karl Barth, he replied: "Know him? I shave him every morning!"

It was no surprise that Barth came to spend his life in the service of God's Word; theology was as much a part of his family background as history was to the Schlesingers of Harvard. In Switzerland, there have been Pastor Barths since the early 19th century. One of them was Karl's father, Fritz Barth, an earnest, rigorous New Testament scholar who gave up the pastorate to teach Scripture at a seminary at Basel, where Karl, the eldest of five children, was born.

Karl began his theological studies at the University of Bern, but soon found the orthodox Calvinism taught there too old-fashioned for his own taste. He persuaded

his father to send him to the University of Berlin, where he could study under the best known of Protestant church historians, Adolf von Harnack. For an embryonic scholar of 20, it was a heady, exhilarating experience. "I was so enthusiastic about him," Barth remembers, "that I missed going to concerts and museums. In the midst of Berlin, I saw little of the city, doing only my work."

Liberal Wind. Von Harnack was Barth's cicerone to theological liberalism, the intellectual wind prevailing in German religious thought after the turn of the century. By then, Protestantism had come a long, hard way from Luther and Calvin. During the 17th and 18th centuries, at the hands of their followers, the creative insights of the great reformers had been hardened into rigid dogmatism—such as a literal acceptance of Biblical miracles—that were left shattered by the rational attacks of the Enlightenment and the discoveries of natural sciences. By 1850, Protestant thinkers had begun to construct a new and liberal religious synthesis that attempted to reconcile Christianity with man's empirical knowledge.

Instead of starting with a defense of dogma, liberal theology stressed the need for man to respond emotionally to the Jesus of history. Liberalism believed that religion was an expression of man's noblest impulses and that man himself had the freedom to shape his life and his world in accordance with the divine will. Faith in God was made to seem perfectly compatible with an industrial civilization's faith in science, progress and democracy; church and state would work hand in hand for man's final victory over nature, and the eventual establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth. Liberalism also accepted scientific study of the Bible, even when it tended to challenge orthodox views of the divinity of Christ. Von Harnack's own major contribution to this "higher criticism" was a historical exami-

nation of church dogmas; his aim was to cut through the formulas of faith created by churchmen, reach back to the simple message of love that Jesus had actually taught. The New Testament in liberal hands became not so much a record of God's unique intervention in human history as an "inspiration" to Christians on how to live a good life.

Parish Parson. Barth spent a year grappling with Von Harnack's historicism, absorbed more liberal theology at the universities of Tübingen and Marburg before being ordained in 1908 by his father at the Reformed cathedral of Bern. He served his ecclesiastical apprenticeship as an assistant pastor in a French-speaking parish near Geneva. Then, in 1911, he was called to the Reformed Church of Safenwil, a small mill town in northern Switzerland, where he married a sprightly young violinist named Nelly Hoffman.

Faced with the problem of how to give meaningful sermons, Barth as a minister discovered that the liberal theology of the universities held out no real message to people. He also found that expression of Christian belief, in the minds of his rich parishioners, was perfectly compatible with economic exploitation. Shocked by the low wages paid to Safenwil's textile workers, Barth became an active socialist, earned the nickname of "the Red pastor" for his role in organizing unions, and for such deadpan japes as passing out free frankfurters to rich and poor alike one Christmas morning at church.

An even more severe test of Barth's theological assumptions was World War I, which ended man's cocky dream of inevitable progress toward a reign of universal peace. Barth, who disapproved of Switzerland's vacillating neutralist politics, was shocked when the church in Germany approved the war policy of Kaiser Wilhelm II; not one of his theological teachers protested. Barth's contempt for this display of their social thinking led him to a reappraisal of their theology. In company with another disillusioned liberal pastor, Eduard Thurneisen, Barth went back over all his past theological and philosophical reading, finally returning to the Bible—a book, he discovered, which contained "divine thoughts about men, not human thoughts about God." He found some of the text of those divine thoughts in St. Paul's *Epistle to the Romans*, began work on a commentary that would bring that letter alive to modern man.

Bomb on the Playground. Pu'lish-ed in 1918 and rewritten completely for the second edition in 1921, Barth's *Epistle to the Romans*, as Karl Adam, a Roman Catholic put it, "fell like a bombshell on the playground of the theologians." Barth attacked the liberal assumption that the Bible expressed man's religious experience of God; instead, he said, it contains God's Word to man. This God—the real God of revelation—is a being "wholly other" than man, a God who shouts a divine No to all of man's efforts to reach him through inner emotion or reason. There is, as the great Dane Søren Kierkegaard wrote, "an infinite qualitative dif-

ference" between time and eternity, between man and God. The only bridge to God is the one that God provides—the bridge of faith that can come to man only after he has recognized the futility of his own efforts to meet his Creator.

Barth granted the service that liberal theology performed in emphasizing the genuine humanity of Jesus, but charged that in the process it had all but forgotten Christ's divinity. So, too, in speaking of the dignity and natural goodness of man, it had all but eliminated from Christianity the sense of sin. He also challenged the liberal suggestion that there was a natural alliance between God and the men who were building Western civilization—not because Barth opposed culture, but because man had no right to "domesticate" God in the name of progress.

Awakening the Town. In his *Epistle*, Barth wrote a declaration of independence on behalf of the God who stands in judgment over all human culture; the message made an immediate hit. Barth later compared his experience to that of a man who climbs the church tower at night and grabs a rope for support, only to discover that he has struck the church bell and awakened the whole town. "I did not know," he says, "that it was so great a bell." On the strength of the book's success, Barth accepted a chair in Reformed theology at the University of Göttingen in 1921. There, besides teaching, he helped to edit a new magazine that continued his onslaught on liberalism; among the contributors were such rising young theologians as Paul Tillich and Rudolf Bultmann.

As a teacher, Barth found that theology needed reconstruction as well as criticism, and during professorships at the universities of Münster and Bonn he began to study the writings of the church fathers and the Reformation confessions. Totally absorbed in the Word of God, Barth had little time for the word of man. Politics, he wrote then, was "essentially a game," and "fundamentally uninteresting."

Politics suddenly became interesting for Barth in 1933, after Adolf Hitler established the Third Reich. Barth spoke out in anger against Nazism when it attempted to create new "German Christian" churches in which National Socialist political theories were given the same sanctity as theological dogma. "This was a nationalistic heresy," he says, "a confusion between God and the spirit of the German nation." He launched a new magazine to attack the "heresy," and in 1934 wrote nearly all of the Barmen Declaration—an anti-Nazi protest that claimed the autonomy of the church from all temporal power. The declaration was signed by 200 leaders of Germany's Lutheran, Reformed and Evangelical Unionist churches.

"Seducing Minds." As a professor at the University of Bonn, Barth was technically a civil servant. But he refused to take an oath of allegiance to the Führer or open his classes with the Nazi salute. It would be bad taste, he told them, "to begin a commentary on the Sermon on the Mount with *Heil Hitler*." At the end

THEOLOGY FOR THE COMMUNITY

The science that Karl Barth pursues gets its subject matter from God; but it would fail, he says, if it did not serve the community of men the way a pendulum serves a clock. Barth's theological output is so vast that only a handful of men have ever read all his works. But for those willing to try them, his books offer wisdom and wit as well. A sampler of Barth's views:

ON HEAVEN: People have often made fun of this idea of "ascending into heaven." They have asked whether Christ did it like some kind of bird or aviator. And they have objected that heaven is at the nadir quite as much as at the zenith, and that the ascension should be interpreted in a merely "spiritual" sense. I would not advise anyone to deny this movement from the bottom up. It is not just an illustration. Of course, we must understand the place to which Christ goes, this "right hand of God," is a divine place. Place and time are not qualities of the creature only. There is a divine time, and a divine place, and God is the origin of time and place. There is a movement "from the bottom up," not a movement from the ground up into the clouds, but a movement from the human place to the divine place.

ON PRAYER: If we do not pray, we fail to realize that we are in the presence of God. God opens this road to us; he commands us to pray. Thus it is not possible to say "I shall pray" or "I shall not pray" as if there were an act according to our own good pleasure.

ON SCRIPTURE: When we come to the Bible with our questions—How shall I think of God and the universe? How arrive at the divine?—it answers us, as it were, "My dear sir, these are your problems; you must not ask me! Whether it is better to hear Mass or hear a sermon, whether the proper form of Christianity is to be discovered in the Salvation Army or in 'Christian Science,' whether your religion should be more a religion of the understanding, or of the feelings, you can and must decide for yourself." The Bible tells us not how we should talk with God but what he says to us; not how we find the way to him, but how he has sought and found the way to us.

ON MARRIAGE: Marriage is "chaste," honorable and truly sexual when it is encompassed by the fellowship of the spirit and of love, but also of work and of the whole of life with all its sorrows and joys, and when this total life experience justifies at the right time and place this particular relationship. When the relationship is fulfilled in this context, when the fulfillment is sustained by the environment of total coexistence, then and only then is it right and salutary. Coitus without coexistence is demonic.

ON TEMPERANCE: One may be a nonsmoker, abstainer and vegetarian, yet be called Adolf Hitler.

ON ROMAN CATHOLIC MARI- OLOGY: The content of the biblical attestation of revelation does not give us any cause to acknowledge that the person of Mary in the event of revelation possesses relatively even such an independent and emphatic position as to render it necessary or justifiable to make it the object of a theological doctrine. Mariology is an excrescence, i.e., a diseased construct of theological thought. Excrescences must be excised.

ON DEATH & RESURRECTION: What is the meaning of the Christian hope in this life? A life after death? A tiny soul which, like a butterfly, flutters away above the grave and is still preserved somewhere, in order to live on immortally? That is not the Christian hope. "I believe in the resurrection of the body." Body in the Bible is quite simply man, man, moreover, under the sign of sin. And to this man it is said, Thou shalt rise again. Resurrection means not the continuation of life, but life's completion. "We shall be changed" (1 Corinthians 15); which does not mean that a quite different life begins, but that "this corruptible must put on incorruption." Then it will be manifest that "death is swallowed up in victory." That which is sown in dishonor and weakness will rise again in glory and power. The Christian hope does not lead us away from this life. It is the conquest of death, not a flight into the Beyond.

ON MUSIC: If I ever go to heaven, I would first inquire about Mozart, and only then about Augustine, Thomas, Luther, Calvin and Schleiermacher.

MOZART



of 1934. Barth was brought before a Nazi court, found guilty of "seducing the minds" of German students. For his defense, Barth pulled a copy of Plato's *Apology* from his pocket, readocrates' argument to the court of Athens that he should be given a pension for his services to the city's youth rather than be condemned to death. Something like that, Barth suggested, ought to be done for him. "It seemed like a good idea before going into court," he says sadly, "but it made no impression on the judges."

In 1935 the German Minister of Education decreed that there was no place in the new Germany for Barth. He accepted a professorship of theology at the University of Basel. Later he tried once more to speak in Germany and was arrested and deported by the Gestapo. After the outbreak of World War II, Barth issued a flurry of powerful, evangelical epistles opposing Nazism. "The enterprise of Adolf Hitler," he wrote, "with all its clatter and fireworks, and all its cunning and dynamic energy, is the enterprise of an evil spirit, which is apparently allowed its freedom for a time in order to test our faith in the Resurrection of Jesus Christ."

In World War II Barth volunteered at the age of 54 for the Swiss army, spent much of the duration guarding a bridge on the German frontier. Barth cheerfully admits that, despite his lifelong hobby of military strategy, he showed no aptitude for leadership. Placed in command of a squad patrolling a mountain pass one cold winter night, he distributed his troops, soon found that they had all deserted to a hut for the warmth of a fire and hot coffee. "That," he says, "was the crash of my ambition to be a corporal."

Summa of the Century. After the war, Barth lectured on theology among the bombed-out ruins of his old university in Bonn for a semester, then returned to Basel to carry on with the intellectual job that has preoccupied him since 1932: the writing of *Church Dogmatics*. Now 9,000 pages and twelve fat volumes long, *Dogmatics* is Barth's major effort to explain what it is that God has revealed. *Dogmatics*, in Barth's definition, is the critical examination of the Christian message in light of what the Scriptures say. Barth's own examination of this message is garrulous, eye-wearying, and studded with trackless deserts of scholarly footnotes. "Barth is just about the most gabby person that ever hit Christendom," grumbles Robert Hannen of Berkeley Baptist Divinity School. But *Dogmatics* is also wreathed with a knowledge of 1,900 years of Christian writing, and stands as the century's only equivalent to the *summa* of the medieval scholastics.

The dogmatic Barth, in many respects, is "wholly other" than the angry evangelist who wrote the *Epistle to the Romans* after World War I. In that early work, Barth says, "I had to show that the Bible dealt with an encounter between God and Man. I thought only of the apartness of God. What I had to learn after that was the togetherness of Man and God—a union of two totally different kinds of beings." In place of the divine No uttered

by God, Barth in *Dogmatics* writes about the divine Yes spoken to those who accept God's revelation in faith.

What Theology Is. The foundation of *Dogmatics* is the faith held by the Christian churches: faith in the God who revealed himself through the Scriptures in the person of Jesus Christ. Faith, Barth says, is not an idea about God; it is man's humble, total acceptance of God brought on by God—"the consequences in man of the action of God himself." He flatly rejects all "natural theology," meaning man's systematic efforts to know God through the use of reason alone by speculating on natural mysteries—the "God is in the stars" theory. Barth insists that natural theology can only understand God



BARTH AS SWISS SOLDIER
More spiritual than corporal.

as a First Cause or a Great Designer or some similar abstract idea that in reality is a product of man's own thinking processes. But God is not an idea dreamed of by man. He is the Supreme Being, who is only known through a specific revelation of himself. Therefore Barth does not try to "prove" the existence of God in his *Dogmatics*; he starts with the reality of the God of revelation.

To Barth, theology cannot be free speculation; it is correct only when it is obedient to what God says. Hence there can be no theology apart from prayer, and no theology apart from God's revelation. The revelation of God is a continuous act: God still speaks to man through the words preached by his church to those who accept Christ. Since this revelation continues within the body of those who witness to God, there can be no theology apart from the church and what it believes. Barth, of course, is appalled at the divisions of Christendom; yet he thinks that most of those differences are the result not of heresies but of "particular errors" in doctrine. Barth's dogmatic theology,

which freely ranges across denominational lines despite its basic Calvinist orientation, seeks to correct those errors by analyzing doctrinal interpretations in the light of what the Bible says.

The Divine Address. Barth accepts and welcomes scholarly criticism of the Bible, even when it shows the Scriptures to be full of errors and inconsistencies. He does not consider the Bible infallible, and he deplores orthodox Protestants who make it into "a paper Pope." Nevertheless, the Bible testifies to God's Word, which is revealed to man through human speech. The words that the Biblical writers use may not always be the appropriate ones, but they must be accepted as words elected by God. There can be, in Barth's view, no question of "disproving" the authority of the Scriptures, for the church today must take the "risk" of accepting the witness of the early Christians who established the canon of the Scriptures, and the Reformation fathers who revised it. God still speaks within the Bible; in the light of faith, the church and her theologians must listen and undertake the ever-unfinished task of finding out what He is saying.

The decisive center of the Bible is its witness of Jesus Christ—the Son who became man, and by the humiliation of his death reconciled the sinful created world to the father. For Barth the Word of God came to man in the person of Christ, and *Dogmatics* is a Christocentric exploration of that word. Since Christ is man's only contact with God, Barth hammers every article of Christian faith into a firm relationship to Christ himself. He defines creation, for example, as the establishment of a place where grace would operate, and argues that God's creation of the universe cannot be considered apart from Christ's redemption of it.

A Joyful Message. This emphasis upon the awesome mystery of the Redemption makes *Dogmatics*, for all its forbidding size, a joyful and optimistic work. By Christ's reconciling act, Barth says, the Kingdom of God has already been established, although it is held out to man as a promise rather than a visible reality. Man, in Luther's phrase, is *simul iustus ac peccator* (simultaneously righteous and sinful). He is still besieged by evil and capable of sin himself, but he also knows that Christ has already conquered the forces of darkness, and that in St. Paul's words "death hath no more dominion over him." Says Yale's Theologian Frei: "What emerges from Barth's theology is a breathtaking, daring vision of a universe in which tragedy, demonic evil and chaos have been met and defeated in the figure of Jesus Christ."

Barth feels free to reject the writings of the church fathers where he feels they may have mistaken the meaning of God's Word; even his admitted master, John Calvin, is not exempt. Once, when someone questioned the unorthodox way in which he was commenting on Calvin, Barth retorted: "Calvin is in Heaven and has had time to ponder where he went wrong in his teachings. Doubtless he is pleased that I am setting him aright."

One orthodox dogma that Barth has



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tried to set aright—much to the dismay of other theologians in the Reformed Church—is the best-known and gloomiest of Calvinist tenets: predestination. In his *Institutes*, Calvin argued that God has already determined both those who will be saved at the Last Judgment and those who will suffer the eternal pangs of Hell. Barth says that this belief does not pay sufficient heed to the fact that Christ's death was intended for all men: Man's ultimate fate is shrouded in mystery, but Barth believes that Christ, the loving Judge, could indeed reconcile all the world to the Father. "I do not preach universal salvation," Barth insists. "What I say is that I cannot exclude the possibility that God would save all men at the Judgment."

Plenty of Critics. Barth's *Dogmatics*, says Langdon Gilkey of Vanderbilt University's divinity school, "is the most impressive and most complete statement of the Christian faith in this century." Other theologians complain that if anyone tried to read all that Barth says about the Word of God he would have no time to read the Word of God itself. Barth's interpretation of that Word has plenty of critics. Both Niebuhr and Tillich think that he is too critical of the cultural disciplines, such as philosophy and anthropology, which attempt to give man an insight into life's meaning. Princeton's best-known systematic theologian, Presbyterian George Stuart Hendry, says Barth's Christocentric approach forces many church doctrines into an artificial mold. Wilhelm Pauk of Union Theological Seminary thinks Barth pays insufficient attention to the history of how Christian dogma developed.

Quiet on Communism. A different category of criticism of Barth attacks his enigmatic political views. During World War II, Barth urged the church to stand up and be counted in the "holy war" against Hitler; in the cold war against Communism, he has urged ministers behind the Iron Curtain to live peacefully with Red regimes. In 1956 Barth was perhaps the only important Western theologian who refused to condemn publicly the Communist repression in Hungary.

Barth thinks that Marx sincerely tried to correct injustice in industrial society, but he has no desire to live under a totalitarian government. He argues that Nazism attempted to defeat the church by perverting its doctrines with cultural heresies, whereas Communism is an atheistic political system based upon philosophical ideas that must be countered with other ideas. And God, Barth insists, is not an idea, "not a banner for human ideas and intentions. For many people Christianity is a kind of moral, religious and political idea, against what they call an atheistic idea." To Barth, the capitalist West is as materialistic as the Communist East—and represents a serious temptation to the church, since it tries to cloak its political ambitions in religious and moral terms.

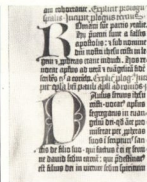
He has asked the West to give up nuclear weapons unilaterally; such a gesture would help the West regain the "confidence" of the Soviet Union, and start it

on the road toward a peaceful democratic regime. The vast majority of U.S. theologians regard such views as politically naive at best and irresponsible at worst. Says an old friend and theological colleague, Emil Brunner of Zurich: "If President Kennedy were to adopt Barth's pacifist doctrines, the United States would soon be swallowed by the Soviet Union. A Communist regime would make short shrift of men like Barth."

In other days, Barth would undoubtedly have hit back at such criticism with a barrage of satire, scorn and scriptural learning. "I was hard then," he says. "Now that I am older, I am softer." This older, mellower Barth seems eager only to get on with the fourth section of Volume IV of *Dogmatics*. At his stucco house on Basel's Bruderholzallee, day begins around



GOETHE



PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS (IN GUTENBERG BIBLE)

"Grasp firmly then—that ancient truth!"

8, when Barth's wife, or his longtime secretary, Charlotte von Kirschbaum, tips-toes to the phonograph and puts on a record. The music that serves as his alarm clock is always by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, whose work Barth describes as a "constant of my existence." "When the angels praise God in Heaven," Barth once wrote, "I am sure they play Bach. However, *en famille* they play Mozart, and then God the Lord is especially delighted to listen to them."

He usually retires early, lying awake to read military history or detective stories, from which he first learned English at the age of 40. Says he: "My friends claim that I have a criminal vocabulary." Barth has little taste for modern novels, poetry or art. "What I object to," he says, "is the disappearance of the object. In art, as in theology, it is the object that counts, not the subject."

For many years, Barth's only preaching has consisted of occasional sermons to the prisoners in the Basel jail. He takes great pride in this spiritual work, writing out the prayers for the service and choosing hymns for the prisoners. "When I come before these men," he says, "I do not have to explain that we are all sinners. They have committed every sin there is. All I have to tell them is that I, too, am a sinner."

"God is for You." Does Barthian theology have anything to tell a world in which persistent doubt seems to be man's real condition? Because of its roots in

an unchallengeable faith and its reliance upon the truth of a book that many men now regard as a volume of interesting poetry rather than a divine revelation, his theology has been described—by Reinhold Niebuhr—as "designed for the church of the catacombs." Barth himself believes his work contains "a missionary call." It provides no easy, immediate, specific answers to man's daily worries—but summons him to learn that all questions are ultimately theological, and that the ultimate theological answer has been given. Translated into elementary pulpit talk, Karl Barth's rich and complex theology might appear to resemble the exhortations issued by many contemporary preachers; actually his thought is far more subtly attuned to the psychology of modern man. "To the man in the street," sums up Dr. Robert

McAfee Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, "Barth's message is 'God is for you.' You're not trapped in overwhelming guilt and anxiety. In these terribly perplexing modern times, there is hope in the Gospel, for God has involved himself in the human situation through Jesus Christ."

Majesty & Love. But Barth's greatest service has been to those who are most likely to listen to him; the committed believers. His *Dogmatics* is the most exhaustive compendium of what a Christian must believe, and why he believes it, that Protestantism has had in more than a century. Barth's insistence on the supreme majesty of God and His supreme love in Christ has forced Christian thought to reconsider its basic focus. His demand that theology is necessarily church theology has caused Protestantism to take a new look at the confessions it stands by, and has thereby contributed mightily to today's worldwide ecumenical dialogue. Barth has always insisted that dogma is important, that theology is not philosophy, that Christianity is not the spiritual side of politics. The mysteries of God's Word are hard ones—but they cannot be made more palatable to nonbelievers or to the lukewarm faithful by hiding them in the language formed by man's own wishful thinking, God speaks; man must listen. And Barth summons Goethe to warn the church:

Long, long ago the Truth was found,
A company of men it bound.

Grasp firmly then—that ancient Truth!



PLANNER GRUEN AT ROCHESTER'S MIDTOWN PLAZA
Tired of watching the ladies go by.

THE CITY

Filling the Doughnut

For years, downtown storekeepers in the nation's cities have been standing morosely watching all the ladies go by—to the suburban shopping centers. It is the city's biggest dilemma in the age of the automobile: the stores have the goods, but where does the shopper park? After a few more years of this, says Planner-Architect Victor Gruen, the cities of America are going to be like doughnuts—"all the dough on the outside, and a hole in the middle."

To Victor Gruen, 58, a lively Viennaborn leprechaun, solving the problems of the deteriorating downtown has become something of an obsession. The automobile, he says, is downtown's most virulent enemy. "No automobile—not even the most elegant Cadillac—ever bought a thing." Dismount the shopper, free him of driving and parking worries, give him a modern version of the old town square, and the city will be born again.

New Town. Last week Gruen got his chance to show the country what a determined city can do. Unveiled in Rochester, N.Y. (pop. 316,000), was his Midtown Plaza, a seven-acre, \$30 million shopping center smack in the middle of town. Built without federal financial aid, Midtown is a self-contained complex made up by closing off a whole street, and shortening others and using the space to create a system of arcades and malls. Gruen has covered the sunlit mall with a handsomely structured louvered ceiling and has air-conditioned the whole area. Surrounding this central area are about 50 shops, a half-dozen restaurants, an 18-floor office building topped by a three-story, 78-room hotel, and a second hotel, the newly redecorated Manger.

Two of the key buildings are wholly

renovated department stores, McCurdy's and Forman's. It was Gilbert J. C. McCurdy and Maurice R. Forman who brought Gruen and his project to Rochester. They had heard of Gruen's plan for a similar center in downtown Fort Worth (still on paper). Together, McCurdy and Forman put up the bulk of the cost to build Midtown; they got Manger and other businesses to go along.

Gruen was off and running. The city was persuaded to spend \$10 million to close off Cortland Street, enlarge another on the plaza's perimeter and to provide extra parking facilities. To get commercial traffic out of the way, he built a delivery tunnel beneath the stores. Alongside the tunnel, but burrowing three stories below, he built a 2,000-car garage, provided escalators to whisk the motorist to the plaza level. In the spacious, columned malls and arcades he put gardens and sculptures. To add a town-square touch, he designed sidewalk cafés, planted trees, and put benches beneath them for the tired shopper or any idler who wanted to stop for a gossip. As a centerpiece he ordered a big central clock ("Meet me under the clock") that contains puppetry: every half-hour, shoppers see a little "show" keyed to the folkways of a different nation. Midtown's overall effect, says one entranced lady shopper, "is that it's glamorous. You can get all gussied up and have lunch downtown and make a real shopping spree out of it."

Tenets, Anyone? Gruen is delighted with the results, and he vocalizes his joy with a characteristic prolixity that is as endless as one of his own escalators. "I have no illusions that this is now the new downtown," he says, "but even if this is only a piece, not the whole, it will demonstrate the three main tenets of my planning philosophy for downtown." First, "the separation of utilitarian func-

tions from human functions," i.e., truck and service traffic are separated from other traffic by use of the underground truck roads and the underground garage. Second, "the ideal city should fulfill the needs of variety and diversity." Midtown intermingles old and new buildings, tall ones and squat ones, and there is space for a post office, playground and a new auditorium. Third, there must be "improved environmental quality," by which he means the air-conditioned 20th century town square, complete with its fountain and sculptures.

Finally, the new center's success may encourage similar activity in other sectors of downtown Rochester, creating a chain reaction that will bring a new vitality into the whole of the city's life.

Getting There Is Half the Fun

Ben W. Heineman, chairman of the Chicago & North Western Railway, is one of the few railroad men who believe that commuters should be treated at least as well as cattle, even if they represent less profit. Noting that during rush hours, bicycles and roller skates are faster than taxis on the Chicago streets, Heineman looked about for some way to speed the final lap of the journey for the commuters his trains had delivered to North Western's Madison Street station. Said he: "We discovered one completely unused 'expressway' right in the heart of the city. It is wider than most Loop streets; it is the one remaining traffic artery in downtown Chicago that is completely free of people, vehicles, stop lights and 'No Left Turn' signs."

Heineman's new expressway is the Chicago River, which passes within half a block of the station. Commandeering a pair of sightseeing cruisers, the *Wendell* and the *Sunliner*, Heineman last week launched a diesel-powered gondola service which takes commuters to North Michigan Boulevard in seven minutes. The



COMMUTERS ON THE CHICAGO RIVER
Happy to be piped aboard.



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cruisers run every 15 minutes during rush hours, operate on hourly schedules the rest of the day, charge 25¢ a trip—about one-third the fare in a taxi.

With the usual whiff of flackery, commuters making the maiden voyage were given life memberships in the Commuter Yacht Club, entitling them to be "piped aboard upon returning home after a hard day at the office; to demand inordinate quantities of lime in gin and tonic as a prevention against scurvy; to address the cruiser pilot as 'Mr. Christian;'" Bumbled one enchanted voyager: "What's Venice got on Chicago now?"

YOUTH

The Pre-Teens

In Massapequa, N.Y., Kathy came home from school and announced that she would need nylons and a garter belt to wear at her girl friend's birthday party because "all the other girls" would be wearing them. Kathy is eight years old.

In Los Angeles, Bill's parents gave him his first "sit-down" dinner and dance (live music) for his tenth birthday. Tuxedoed boys escorted dates who wore corsages. One boy showered too much attention on another's date. "I had to talk with him and remind him he brought his own little date," explained Bill's mother.

In Chicago's suburban Evergreen Park, a dozen girls from age six upward, whooshed into the local beauty shop for their regular Saturday appointments, emerged tophheavy with "beehive" and "lioness" hairdos. Sighed Manager Warren Miller: "They've got more hair than they've got face. I'd call it a mop."

In San Francisco, Beverly, daughter of a Berkeley professor, asked her parents for a "training bra." She needed to feel a little glamorous, since she was planning to go to a drive-in movie on the back of her boy friend's bicycle. Beverly is nine, her boy friend eleven.

In short, dating, dancing, kissing games and all the rest of the natural delights that once were the preserve of adolescents, are becoming part of the everyday life of an increasing number of eight- to twelve-year-old grade-schoolers all over the U.S. The latest social discovery of the pre-teens, particularly popular in the nation's suburb-nests, is "making out," a tentative version of adolescent necking: the boys and girls get together at somebody's home, and the parents discreetly disappear, leaving the room darkened and the boys at liberty to "make out." Pre-teens in Los Angeles have developed a modern version of the post-office and spin-the-bottle kissing games. They call it "Seven Minutes of Heaven (or Hell)." The boy takes the girl who is "it" into a closet or some other room and, depending on his inclination, kisses her (Heaven) or hits her (Hell) for seven minutes.

This, according to the dominant theory of education lumped under the name of John Dewey, is a desirable development of their "social skills." By cutting short the pigtail pulling and stuck-out-tongue phase that kids usually go through, parents feel that they are helping their youngsters by-

pass the awkward age. Learning early how to handle themselves socially and dress smartly, the children become well-adjusted and popular.

Burned-Out Cases. But a growing number of sociologists and plain parents are beginning to show some concern with this trend. Says Carlfred B. Broderick, associate professor of family relationships at Pennsylvania State University, and one of the nation's top authorities on children: "Many parents appear to operate under the mistaken theory that sex starts at puberty. They assume that early kissing is meaningless. But pre-teen dating starts the youngster earlier on the road to progressive intimacy. By the time these children have reached their teens, they have pretty well covered the field, and are ready for nothing less than marriage."



DINNER DATE IN LOS ANGELES
For others, seven minutes of heaven.

And if early dating leads to early weddings (as it tends to do), the prospects of a successful marriage are statistically low. The divorce rate among people who married in their teens is about five times as great as for those who married in their mid 20s. "We like our children to be popular, but we don't want them to be burned-out women at the age of 16," says one married parent.

Mothers at Work. Today's precocious children, titillated by the flow of sultry romance from television, movies and cheap magazines, tend to develop a distorted picture of reality. For another thing, there has been a continuous movement toward an earlier beginning of puberty in the last 100 years. In the U.S., for example, the average age of menarche (the time of a girl's first menstrual period) has come down from 14-plus in 1900 to 12-plus today. Thus the earlier physical maturity in girls, combined with early dating and going steady (which many of them equate with being in love), often thrusts youngsters into sexual and emotional situations far beyond their capaci-

ty. Writes Child Expert Benjamin Spock in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*: "The trouble is that Nature is working for a marriage at about 15 or 16 years. Early dating and going steady for months will encourage intimacy even before 15. But our society expects everyone to be in school until at least 17 or 18. Some children who aren't at all ready are forcing themselves to compete for partners and to play the roles of people in love."

Pushy Mother. When this happens, there is usually an overzealous mother found hard at work in the background, particularly when she has a daughter to worry about. Says a San Francisco woman: "Some of the girls' mothers are terribly pushy. At dancing school, there was a terrible hurly-burly about how each girl had to have a 'date' before she was allowed to sign up. Dating now starts at the seventh grade, but there were some mothers who wanted to push it back to the sixth grade and even the fifth." Adds Mrs. Charles Eaton, a Pittsburgh schoolteacher and mother of an eleven-year-old girl: "Some modern parents seem to feel that if their daughters don't begin to date in grade school, this indicates a lack of feminine appeal. They're afraid that their daughters will grow up to be old maids."

Most pre-teen boys would as soon spend their time knitting tea cozies as dance. Nevertheless, many of them are hauled off to boy-girl parties long before they are willing to recognize the existence of the female sex. Dating usually follows, and the result, says a Denver psychiatrist, "is that the young boys are literally seduced away from their normal lives. At an age when the boy should be going through the badly needed period of competitive play with other boys and teasing girls when he notices them at all, he finds himself pushed into a relationship with which he cannot cope."

Parental Heels. The pressures are most acute in middle-class suburban communities, where the need for keeping up with the Joneses' little girl is most acutely felt. One successful counterattack against the trend is group action. In Charlotte, N.C., for example, some parents have organized a Parents' League to set up "recommendations" for social activities from the sixth grade on. By mutually standing fast, they have been able to fend off that age-old blackmail of the young. "Well, Susie's mother lets her . . ." Sixth-grade parties are all male or all female, and they end by 9 p.m. Seventh-graders can learn ballroom dancing, but social dances and dating are discouraged. Double dating is allowed in the ninth grade, single dating in the tenth.

Even without formal organization, that kind of parental judiciousness seems to pay off. Says Mrs. Cleo McNelly, a Cleveland mother of a twelve-year-old girl: "We owe it to our children to be unpopular with them sometimes. They have a right on occasion to think we are heels. When pressure is on them to join their group in something they know they shouldn't do, they should be able to say, 'I'd be glad to go along, but my parents are heels. They won't let me.'"



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SPORT

Mercurial Master

In the clubhouse at the Augusta National Golf Club, defending Masters Champion Gary Player, 26, nervously sipped his nightly glass of Gastric Mixture G.6690—a concoction he had carted all the way from Muller's Pharmacy in



RICHARD WEEKS—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

PALMER & IRON MAN

Down came the usual miracle.

Johannesburg, South Africa. "I'm playing tremendous golf," he said, "and I've got a good chance to win. But let's face it: Arnold Palmer is the man to beat. He's the best player in the world today, and he practically owns this golf course."

For the first three rounds of this year's Masters, husky Arnold Palmer, 32, did indeed seem to own the 6,980-yd. Augusta National course. His long drives hugged the center of the rolling fairways. His powerfully punched iron shots dug deep into the rain-softened greens. His putting was deliberate and deadly. On the second day of the tournament, he birdied eight holes and scored a silky 66. "I've won this tournament twice [in 1958 and 1960]," said Palmer, "but the only thing people seem to remember is the way I lost it to Gary on the last hole last year. Well, now I'm in front—and I plan to stay there."

We Ain't Lost. But on the final day, Palmer's plans went abruptly awry. "I played so bad," he groused later, "that I couldn't have made the Podunk Open." Fretting, frowning, fuming, he shot a Sunday golfer's 39 on the par-36 front nine, made mistakes that would make a duffer blush: a smothered drive that carried only 100 yds. off the tee, a No. 5 iron that smacked into a tree and caromed back over his head. Before he finished the round he had dropped to third place, behind Dow Finsterwald and Player. To his caddie, Nat ("Iron Man") Avery,

Palmer said sadly: "Well, Iron Man, we lost the tournament there." The caddie shook his head. "We ain't lost nothin', Mr. Arnold," said Iron Man. "We still got eight more holes to play." (Recalled Avery later: "He just look up at the sky like he is wishing for some miracle to come down.")

Iron Man was right. Erratic and emotional, Arnold Palmer is at once exciting and exasperating; his patented, last-gasp finishes have given golf some of its brightest moments. In the 1960 Masters, he birdied the last two holes to beat Ken Venturi by a stroke. In the 1960 U.S. Open, deep in the pack after three rounds, he fired a last-day 65 to win. This spring in the Palm Springs Golf Classic, Palmer birdied five straight holes on the final round to beat Gene Littler. "I can always tell when Mr. Arnold is ready to make his move," says Caddie Avery. "He jerks at his glove, tugs at his trouser belt, and starts to walk fast. When Mr. Arnold do that, everybody better watch out."

But by the time Palmer reached the 16th hole at Augusta last week, his cause finally seemed hopeless: he needed two birdies merely to stay alive for a three-way play-off with Player and Finsterwald. Then, at the 16th green, Palmer got his miracle: he pitched a 50-yd. chip into the cup for a birdie. Keyed up now, he stepped up to a 15-ft. putt on the 17th—and banged it straight into the hole for his second straight birdie. On the 18th green, both Player and Palmer played cautiously for pars, solemnly shook hands and—the tension broken—began to laugh. For the first time in the Masters' flamboyant history, three players were deadlocked for the lead after a full 72 holes.

Turning Point. Next day the unique three-man play-off for the richest prize in golf (winner's share: \$20,000) brought 15,000 unruly fans flocking to the dog-wood-dotted course. They lined the fair-

ways, clustered 50-deep around the greens, wrestled with Pinkerton agents, trampled down greens and tees.

For unlucky Dow Finsterwald the match was over quickly: shaken by a wayward drive that injured a spectator on the second hole, he shot a sickly 77. At the end of the front nine, playing superbly, Player led Palmer by three strokes. Then Palmer's putter suddenly got the range—and Player's, just as abruptly, went wild. At the 10th hole, Palmer snaked in a downhill 25-footer for a birdie and picked up two strokes when Player's five-footer hung improbably on the lip of the cup. "That was the turning point," admitted Gary later.

For mercurial Arnold Palmer, that one break was enough: over the next six holes, while Player watched helplessly, he rattled off four more birdies. Final scores: Palmer, a four-under-par 68; Player, 71. "Arnie's won this thing three times now," said ex-Champion Player. "There's no good reason why he shouldn't win another three. Who's going to beat him?"

Death of a Matador

All his art was an affair with death, and in the bullring Juan Belmonte always was desperately close to dying. Throughout his thousand *corridos*, death seemed to be his mistress, and away from the plaza, she always seemed to him to be the better twin of boredom. When he retired in 1935, he was king of the world's matadors, more than a millionaire, a hero in his native Spain, spoken of in the same breath with Cervantes and Goya. But life grew dull as it grew safer. When a friend told him he had no choice but to die tragically, his answer held no other hope. "I'll see what I can do," Belmonte said.

Mano a Mano. In life, Juan Belmonte's triumph was a victory of utter weakness. He stood fast in the path of the bull,

* Only other three-time Masters winners: Jimmy Demaret (1940, '47, '50), Sam Snead (1949, '52, '54).



JUAN BELMONTE AT WORK (1916)
The better twin was death.



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directing its charge with a close sweep of his crimson *muleta*, winding the bull around him, said Ernest Hemingway, "like a belt—his right leg pushed toward the bull, in that bent slant which will be copied but never made truly until another genius comes in the same twisted body." Twisted, small, weak, Belmonte survived with courage that was more than a match for his inability to move with the bull. "My legs were in such a state," he once said, "that if one wanted to move, it had to request permission from the other."

Belmonte perfected his harrowing *verónicas* and *pases naturales* to give bullfighting its modern style—the hands held low, elbows close to the ribs, the body unmoving and erect. His was "a sinister delicacy of movement," explained Aficionado Hemingway, "a beautiful, unhealthy mystery," in which the crowd's *emoción* grew fieri at the sight of his "evident physical inferiority, not only to the bull but to those working with him and to most who were watching."

Matched *mano a mano* against the gypsy genius Joselito for the seven greatest years of Spanish bullfighting (1914-20), Belmonte was gored time and again. Joselito hardly ever. Belmonte was always the *torero* of "four *olés* and an *ay!*"—the scream coming whenever he was gored or pitched into the air on the horns of a bull. Then, in 1920, Joselito was killed in the arena, leaving Belmonte the unchallenged maestro. When he retired at last, he had killed 1,650 bulls and been gored scores of times. "How many?" stammering Belmonte once said. "Let us say 1-fifty. I like that number of fifty."

Naked in the Moonlight. In his retirement, Belmonte presided over his 3,500-acre ranch on the grassy Andalusian tableland 40 miles south of Seville. He spent good days tilting with bulls in his fields and holding private seminars in his own bullring, coaching *aspirantes*, reminiscing about the old days. In Seville, he hung out at sidewalk bars, where he liked to tell and retell the pleasures of his first attempts at bullfighting. "At night," he remembered, "we would swim the Guadalquivir and fight the bulls in the pastures in the moonlight. That was the beautiful time, fighting them naked in the moonlight."

By last year, the frail health that had given him his tragic dignity began to get the better of him. He developed a grave heart condition, and he was warned to stay away from his ranch, to avoid riding horses and tilting with bulls. But with the spring, Belmonte could not stay away, could not forgo riding Maravilla, his favorite horse. An hour with the bulls last week left him with a pain so intense he feared he would die from it. Finally he made his decision. He mounted Maravilla for a last fond ride across his plain. He spoke with special kindness to each of his *peones*, rode to his whitewashed ranch house and disappeared into his study. There he took a pistol from a table drawer, and with one shot to the temple, he was dead. He would have been 70 years old this week.

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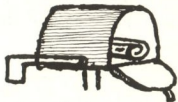
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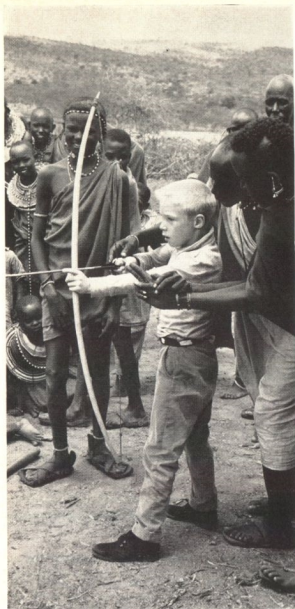
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LIFE



WILSON AUCTIONING PICASSO

Master Auctioneer

The name of Novelist Somerset Maugham, whose collection of impressionist and postimpressionist paintings was on the block at the great London auction house of Sotheby's, undoubtedly accounted for the record turnout of 2,500. But in a larger sense, the star of the evening was, as always, Sotheby's chairman and chief auctioneer, Peter Cecil Wilson, 49. Wilson has sold 28,000 paintings in his career, and last week he went about his work with the same persuasive urbanity that has made Sotheby's the biggest art auction house in the world. Wilson does not joke or coax or subject laggard bidders to reproachful looks. "The cunning of Wilson," says one colleague, "is that there is no cunning."

It has been no disadvantage, of course, that his grandfather was a baron, or that Wilson himself attended Eton and Oxford. "He knows every picture in every manor in England," says one London dealer. One of his first jobs after leaving Oxford—"A terribly humble job," he says, "a hopeless kind of job"—was as a general rewrite man and assistant circulation manager for the art magazine *Connoisseur*. But after a year of drudgery, Wilson felt he had learned enough about antiques to brazen it out at Sotheby's. For his first auction in 1938, he practiced all weekend by "auctioning" off every stick of their furniture to his young wife and their baby's nurse. Even now he scarcely sleeps the night before a sale. "Selling pictures is not like selling boots," he says.

Going Modern. Sotheby's is 218 years old, but it was not until the 1950s that it stepped to the front. In 1954 the British government ended all currency restric-

tions on art sales, and Sotheby's 260 catalogues a year ever since then have stressed its unique ability to make sales without taxes. That same year, when Wilson was an assistant to the director for modern art, he promoted a charity sale of modern works from Henry Moore to Graham Sutherland. This sort of thing had never been done at rival Christie's, which only now is getting around to the moderns. Sotheby's low commission (10%) gives it an advantage over foreign competitors, but Wilson's pioneering in the auctioning of modern art captured the British field.

Every day Sotheby secretaries clip the obituary pages of the London *Times* and send along the pertinent stories to the nine directors for porcelain, jade and Eastern art, medals and coins, manuscripts and so on, who must estimate the art-sale possibilities of the estate. Wilson himself has the reputation of being able to hear "a death rattle before the doctor is called." Actually it is largely Wilson's aristocratic soft sell and impressive presence (he is 6 ft. 4 in. tall) that brought to Sotheby's such tasks as the record-breaking Goldschmidt collection sale in 1958 and Rubens' *Adoration of the Magi*, which in 1959 went for a record \$770,000.

"A Charming Man." Wilson knew that Maugham was considering selling his collection a year and a half ago, but when he visited Maugham's Riviera villa, he tactfully avoided even mentioning the fact. Sure enough, when the novelist finally made up his mind, he sent for Wilson to visit him again. "Wilson is a charming man," says Maugham's longtime secretary, Alan Searle. After only two days of quiet negotiating, Maugham himself declared: "I wouldn't trust my pictures with anyone else."

For the sale, Wilson pored over the catalogue, noting in his private code bids already phoned in and the reserve price below which Maugham would not sell. From his opening announcement—"Lot No. 1, Roderick O'Connor's *Still Life with Vegetables*"—he presided over the sale without a flicker of nervousness, apart from shooting a cuff now and then. The 35 paintings went for \$1,466,864, including \$244,000—the highest price ever paid at auction for a living artist—for a Picasso curiosity that showed *The Death of Harlequin* on one side and *Woman Seated in a Garden* on the other. In the last five years, Sotheby's has brought in \$76.5 million, of which nearly half has come from Wilson's painting sales alone. This year promises to be the biggest yet.

La Belle Téléphone

When the telephone jingles at the headquarters of Marseille's *police judiciaire*, everybody scrambles to answer, for the caller may well be somebody with a thick French southern accent saying: "If you go to such and such a place, you will find a bundle of valuable stolen merchandise." A few years ago, the voice directed the cops to an \$800,000 cache of jewels, stolen from the Aga Khan's wife, that had been returned, thoughtfully enough, to the front steps of police headquarters. On

February 14 of last year, an anonymous caller told the police to be on the lookout for a letter that contained a railroad baggage check which led to the recovery of 20 modern paintings, worth \$600,000, stolen from the Riviera's Colombe d'Or Inn in St.-Paul-de-Vence on April Fool's Day, 1960. Last week, *la belle téléphone* rang again, with even more spectacular news.

Said a heavily accented voice: "Hurry over to No. 80 Avenue Camille Pelletan and you will find a blue-green 404 Peugeot with interesting stolen property in it." The *flics* located the car, and in an excess of cunning watched it for 24 hours in the hope that its owner would show up. Naturally, no one appeared, so the police decided to search the car. There on the back seat, wrapped in newspapers, were eight rolled-up canvases by Cézanne that had been taken from an exhibition in Aix-en-Provence last August. Valued at \$2,000,000, the Cézannes were the loot in the most daring art theft since the *Mona Lisa* disappeared from the Louvre 50 years ago.

The recovery also confirmed the motive for the recent rash of French art thefts, which was the major reason Riviera Resident Somerset Maugham sold his collection (see col. 1). In the Colombe d'Or case, Francis Roux had privately paid out a reported \$20,000 to get his paintings back. In the Cézanne affair, insurance companies paid out a reported \$100,000. Worse yet, to hold the cops at bay the artnapers had coolly let it be known that they possessed still a third trove of stolen paintings—57 works lifted last July in St.-Tropez. The St.-Tropez paintings had proved to be uninsured and hard to get ransom for, but the gang's threat to destroy them stopped police from interfering with the Cézanne extortion.

Said one melancholy police officer to a U.S. reporter, "You say crime does not pay in America. Well, in Marseille, crime pays very well."

The Prussian Francophile

Frederick the Great of Prussia, who called himself "the first servant of the state," was as much a tyrant as any monarch of the 18th century, but he liked to say of himself that he was "philosopher by instinct and politician by duty." He was also a patron of the arts. He played the flute to the accompaniment of one of Johann Sebastian Bach's sons; he wrote indifferent poetry under the tutelage of his sometime friend Voltaire; he was an avid collector of paintings and sculpture. In affairs of state, he was Prussian to the bone, but in painting he admired what was foreign.

Last week, in the wing that he built for Berlin's Charlottenburg Castle, the surviving paintings of Frederick's French collection hung under the same roof for the first time (see color). Originally, these paintings were scattered not only through Charlottenburg but also through the old Berlin Castle and the three castles in Potsdam—the New Palace, the Potsdam Castle and Frederick's beloved Sans Souci (Without Care). In later life, Frederick



FREDERICK THE GREAT
loved French art, collected
works now on show in Berlin.

"THE COOK," by Chardin,
embellished concert hall of
Berlin's Charlottenburg Castle.



ART SHOP in Paris is shown in
detail of shingle painted by Wat-
teau for famed Dealer Gersaint.





NICOLAS LANCRET, whose *Girl With a Magnifying Glass Kindling Fire* is one of 26 Lancret's Frederick owned, followed style of his friend Watteau.

JEAN FRANÇOIS DE TROY favored mythology for subject matter. His sensuous *Leda and the Swan* hung in Sanssouci, King Frederick's favorite castle.



SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

Sent for One

Time after time, the TV cameras in Hollywood zoomed in on Natalie Wood in her aisle seat, the betting-odds favorite for the best actress of 1961 for her performance in *Splendor in the Grass*. But the best actress of the year was sitting in Rome smoking Viceroy's.

Sophia Loren's absence from last week's Academy Award ceremonies was unvarnished nervousness. The Hollywood correspondent of Rome's *Il Messaggero* had written a convincing argument that the "xenophobes" of Hollywood were not about to "dig their graves with their own hands" by honoring furriners. Sophia canceled her plane reservations at the last moment, feeling too overwrought to fly halfway round the world to play the gracious loser.

Where It Counted. But she also stayed up all night. A friend called from Hollywood to say he would call her again if she won. Two and a half hours went by. "Someone else got the award, and no one has the courage to call me," wailed Sophia, lighting up another carton. In Hollywood, Burt Lancaster had just come forward to read off the names of the nominees for best actress. He got so carried away on his ministerial tones that he almost left Sophia out altogether. But her name was where it counted—in the winner's envelope.

The phone rang in Rome at 6:40 a.m. Sophia's husband, Carlo Ponti, picked it up, then shouted: "Sophia win? Sophia win? True? True?"

Doors opened. The big apartment began filling like a leaky boat. Sophia pirouetted around wildly in a white nightgown and green peignoir, kissing Ponti, kissing her



SOPHIA & HUSBAND AT OSCAR TIME
Back with the paparazzi.

mother, her sister, her director Vittorio De Sica,⁹ even one or two *paparazzi*. Back in Hollywood, M.C. Bob Hope curled a lip slightly and said: "It must be wonderful to have talent enough to just send for one."

Geared for television, the Oscar show itself worked like a greased piston, and was not much more interesting. Most of Bob Hope's jokes seemed to have been written by the muscle-bound clod whose likeness is preserved in the Oscar statuette. There were some good ones, however, including one quip on the gritty mood of current moviemaking. For the best supporting actor award, Hope pointed out, "those in contention are actors who played a juvenile delinquent, a Nazi, a gangster, a gambler and a poolroom hustler."

Big Gesture. *West Side Story* won the Oscar for best film of the year, sweeping with it almost as many subsidiary Oscars as 1959's *Ben-Hur* (which set a record by copying eleven). *West Side Story*'s George Chakiris and Rita Moreno won the awards for best supporting actor and actress. They beat out Montgomery Clift and Judy Garland of *Judgment at Nuremberg*, which probably reflects the voters' disapproval of major stars lusting after minor Oscars. In an upset almost as surprising as Sophia's, Switzerland's Maximilian Schell (*Nuremberg*) was named the best actor of the

⁹ In her next picture, De Sica will direct Sophia in a loose adaptation of Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona*. The screenplay has perhaps the darkest plot that has ever thickened. A young German (Max Schell) feels so guilty about his part in the war that he becomes a dope addict. Various women try to cure him with love, first his sister, then his sister-in-law (Sophia Loren), but not even that much sex can help him. He has a fight with his ex-Nazi father (Fredric March), then a reconciliation. Then both men commit suicide.

bought Italian and Flemish masterpieces, but in his youth he was probably history's greatest Francophile.

Daylong Philosopher. He wrote in French, spoke French at his own table ("Since my youth I have not read a German book, and I speak it badly"), once consoled a visiting French intellectual by saying: "You don't know German? You are fortunate in your ignorance." He deplored Goethe. He even changed the name of the Prussian Academy to the Académie des Sciences et Belles-Lettres. Voltaire, before his increasing disrespect for authority led him to fall out with Frederick, wrote a doggerel tribute to him:

*All the morning the great king,
After dinner the great author,
All day long philosopher,
In the evening host divine.*

Of France's painters, Antoine Watteau was Frederick's favorite, just as he had been the favorite in France at the time of the infant Louis XV. With the passing of the young Louis' autocratic father, a reaction had set in against everything grandiose and monumental; nothing could have appealed more to the nobility, so recently released from the blinding authority of the Sun King, than Watteau's languid and worry-free world of harlequins and sultry lovers and frolicking aristocrats. Watteau's shingle for the art dealer Gersaint was apparently done on whim, but it shows him at his most graceful and elegant. Watteau himself boasted of it, and it was one of the last things he painted. A few months after finishing it, he died of consumption at the age of 37.

Sybaritic Society. Watteau influenced most of the painters of his day, but none more than Nicolas Lancret. The pupil painted so much like the master that for a time people could scarcely tell their work apart. Though Lancret was never Watteau's equal, he mirrored the same pretty and fragile world that seemed to have nothing more on its mind than fun and leisure. In favoring mythology, the fashionable Jean François de Troy still kept the mood. His *Leda* could be any comely marquise languishing in her bath. Everything about the painting—its heavy lushness, its torpor, its sybaritic atmosphere—suggests an overripe society about to go rotten.

Jean-Baptiste-Siméon Chardin, the son of a Paris carpenter, painted a different world. He was one of the great masters of the still life, giving his piles of fruits and arrangements of glassware and crockery a delicate, translucent beauty. Later he turned to people, but instead of duchesses and courtiers, he painted ordinary Frenchmen doing ordinary things—a woman drawing water, a family saying grace, a boy taking some sort of writing lesson, a cook returning from the marketplace. Not too many years were to pass before Chardin's people would topple the world of Lancret and Watteau—an event that would have been of considerable concern to the master of the palace called Sans Souci. But he died in 1786, three years before the revolution began in the nation that sent him his best art.



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THE ROMEROS IN TOWN HALL
 A good run and a good fight mean good guitar.

year. "How did all these foreigners get in here?" cracked Hope.

But Hollywood had shown it could rise above its own parochialism and proved itself willing to honor achievement in any language. In Sophia's case, it was the first time that anyone had been voted an Oscar for a performance in a foreign-language film. "America has made, really, a big, big gesture," said Sophia in her careful English. "Only Americans can do this thing, to make an award like this for an Italian actress. So big."

As if to make up in some way for Natalie Wood's being left without an Oscar, Warner Bros. at week's end released a blizzard of pictures showing her being left with hardly anything. Taken on the set of *Gypsy*, a movie version of the Broadway hit in which Natalie will appear as Gypsy Rose Lee, the shots showed her stripping down to the Wood.

MUSIC

Bach in the Bedroom

At 6 o'clock every morning, in the bungalow at No. 5152 Maplewood Ave. in Los Angeles, a man reaches beneath his bed and pulls out a \$1,000 guitar. While still stretched out on his back, he plays Johann Sebastian Bach. He seldom stops before 8, and when he does, it is the signal for his three sons, who sleep just down the hall, to reach under their beds and grab their own guitars. The family plays together until 10. Then the father laces on some sneakers, and leads his sons in a run five times around the block.

Just as the road work helps Celedonio Romero and his sons to play the guitar, no one in the family can explain. But it is all part of a pattern of dedicated practice that very clearly pays off. In Manhattan's Town Hall last week, upright, tuxedoed and wide awake, the Romeros demonstrated that they are indisputably one of the best guitar ensembles around. Celedonio, 45, opened with a generous sampling of the literature for the classical guitar—Galilei, Sanz, Bach, Sor,

Albéniz. His sound was lushly colored, his touch always impeccable, his readings alive with an extraordinary range of nuance not often found in the guitar. Celin, 24, followed his father—again with classical selections, but in a mistier, more rhapsodic vein. Angel, 14, offered a limber, clean-lined performance of the Bach *Chaconne* from *Partita Number Two*. Pepe, 18, whipped through a selection of flamenco songs with remarkable fire and dexterity, thrumming out the music's traditional chords with steel-sure fingers. Later the four came out together to play the adagio and allegro from Telemann's *Concerto for Four Violins*.

The Romero sons sound much like Romero senior. "His hand and our hands are just the same," explains Celin. "If it's good for him, it's good for us." More important, Celedonio got his sons their first guitars when they were three, had them in the concert hall by the time they were eleven. Four years ago, an American studying with Celedonio in Spain persuaded the family to move to California, where they soon set up a guitar school. As for the profits, Romero senior has a patriarchal concept of money; he takes all of it, does it out to his sons in small allowances.

After a morning of playing the guitar and a day of teaching it, the Romeros get together in the evening to play a little more. And to fight. Says Celin, the most voluble: "We fight with our father more than we fight with each other because he has a strong temperament and likes to command. In the end we do it his way. Then we get happy." So do the audiences.

BROADWAY

Last Nights

Having suffered seven lethal jabs from the pencils of New York's daily theater critics, *Venus at Large*, an unfunny Broadway comedy about Hollywood types, succumbed last week after only four performances. Of the 45 productions that have opened on Broadway this season, it was the 26th to close.



“When I use a word,” Humpty Dumpty said . . . “it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less.”

Humpty Dumpty made a nice semantic point. But he confused Alice, who believed that words should have definite meanings.

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THE PRESS

In the Middle of the Night

A ringing telephone shattered the silence in the bedroom of a two-story brick duplex in Philadelphia's Burholme Park section one morning last week. Associated Press Newsmen Lee L. Linder, 38, looked at his watch. It was 3 a.m. Groggy with sleep, he lifted the receiver off the hook. "Who is it?" demanded his wife Thelma. "The FBI," Linder said. "They've got their nerve," said his wife. "Hang up on them," Linder did. But within the hour, two FBI agents were knocking at the Linders' door, and Linder let them in. As he talked to his visitors, Linder thought of serving hot coffee, but decided that he did not want any and they did not deserve any. He could not understand why the

In the *Wilmington Journal*, Reporter Parks quoted a prepared statement from Martin that read in part: The settlement with the steel unions "represents a cost increase at a time when we are trying to hold the line on prices. We should be trying to reduce the price of steel if at all possible." The AP's Linder caught the following remarks from Martin after the meeting: "There shouldn't be any price rise. We shouldn't do anything to increase our costs if we are to survive." Parks recorded much the same remarks in his notes, but because his story appeared after the price increase, he did not use them.

Honest to Goodness. What was the motive for the visits? To gather ammunition against big steel? To prove that Bethlehem's Martin, who issued a statement

tender refused it, gave him his drink along with a card that read: "The drinks are on us. The *Herald Tribune* announces its highest daily city and suburban circulation in 25 years. *Who says a good newspaper has to be dull?*" Not at all shy, the commuter let the New York *Herald Tribune* stand him two more drinks.

The *Trib*, in fact, stood treat all over the tracks. In bar cars on 25 New Haven, New York Central and Long Island commuter trains, the paper quenched the thirst of the suburbia-bound. It was the *Trib's* way of celebrating a daily circulation increase of 10,000 (to 376,000) over the last three months. As for the parched commuters, they responded nobly on all lines, ran up a healthy tab of nearly \$5,000. Who, indeed, says a newspaper has to be dry?

Hearst Deficit

The economic health of the Hearst publishing empire has always been a closely guarded secret. For clues, the curious can examine only Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc., which includes six of the eleven Hearst papers* and is the sole publicly held corporation in the Hearst complex. Last week Hearst Consolidated released figures suggesting that its health is poor indeed. On gross revenues of \$153 million in 1961, the company logged a record deficit of \$8,766,584.

Over the past decade, the corporation has skipped 28 (out of 40) dividends on its preferred stock, and its deficit has climbed alarmingly: \$2.4 million in 1959, nearly \$6.5 million in 1960. To reduce costs, Hearst officers have ruthlessly winnowed its newspaper ranks by merger or sale, most recently in Los Angeles, when Hearst's morning *Examiner* vanished into its afternoon paper, the *Herald-Express* (TIME, Jan. 12). The annual report also warned stockholders to expect a serious loss in the first quarter of this year—partly because of "heavy expenses" incurred in the Los Angeles merger.

Diffident Newcomer

On the FORTUNE-size cover brooded an unidentified Oriental, whom informed observers would recognize as Red China's Premier Chou En-lai. Chou was eventually identified in a footnote to the table of contents—and the Oriental influence continued. The first three stories concerned the Far East, specifically Communist China and South Viet Nam.

What was the purpose of this handsome magazine, born last week? Beyond giving its name, *USA-1*, and a terse tag line—"Monthly News & Current History"—the newcomer did not say. An advertiser made the introduction. There it was on page 2, bought and paid for by the investment house of Kidder, Peabody & Co. "April, 1962," said the ad, "marks a moment of importance in the history of the U.S. press. It witnesses the first issue of . . . this thoughtful new journal of news per-

* Plus Hearst's Sunday supplement, *American Weekly*, several pulp and paper mills, radio stations, assorted other properties.



PARKS



LINDER



LAWRENCE

Routed out on orders from the boss.

FBI, at this ungodly hour, should be so interested in his routine coverage of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation stockholders' meeting two days before.

About an hour later, elsewhere in the city, John Lawrence, Philadelphia bureau chief for the *Wall Street Journal*, was roused from sleep by the same callers. He refused to talk—at first cock's crow, anyway. At 6:45 that same morning, in Wilmington, Del., James T. Parks Jr., 28, business writer for the *Wilmington Evening Journal*, arrived for work to find two FBI agents waiting for him. Parks saw no reason not to show the agents what they had come for: the notes that he had taken at the Bethlehem stockholders' meeting and the story that he had written for his paper.

Fury & Urgency. In staging its curious predawn raids, the FBI was acting on orders from President John F. Kennedy himself. But for all the President's fury at the U.S. steel industry's unexpected price boost (see THE NATION), the early morning urgency was a pretty highhanded use of the FBI. The three newsmen had indeed all attended the Bethlehem stockholders' meeting, but what they had reported was far from earth shaking. Two of the men—the AP's Linder and the *Wilmington Journal's* Parks—had put Bethlehem President Edmund F. Martin on record as opposing any price hike.

denying some of the remarks attributed to him ("Mr. Martin was, in fact, indefinite about the matter of prices"), had been pressured into line? To demonstrate the power of the White House? Whatever the Administration had in mind, the sudden raids looked silly in the light of day. Even the FBI felt embarrassed and said so before dispatching its agents. "Gestapo tactics," thundered Republican National Chairman William E. Miller, in search of a headline or two, and a few papers took up his cry. By week's end, it seemed clear that Bethlehem's Martin had meant what he said the first time: his company was the first to announce that it was rescinding its price increase.

The newsmen themselves took the whole incident calmly. "My wife thought the FBI should have apologized for disturbing us, but they didn't," said the AP's Linder. Then he went off to soothe his two daughters, Rhonda, 12, and Sharon, 8, who had slept through the raid and were still furious at missing the chance to see some honest-to-goodness G-men.

The Trib at the Bar

"Scotch and soda," said the thirsty traveler after boarding his usual New Haven commuter train from New York to Rowayton, Conn., one night last week. He handed the bar-car attendant the usual \$1 bill. To the commuter's surprise, the bar-



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EDITOR CAMPBELL

With a long, high view.

spective written and edited for an educated, responsible audience."

*USA*1* is an attempt to demonstrate that today's news can best be understood in the perspective of history. With rare exception, its lavishly illustrated contents take the long view. An article on Red China, for example, traces the Communist conquest all the way back to Sun Yat-sen—a non-Communist revolutionary who toppled the 268-year Manchu dynasty in 1911. Caesar's Roman legions tramp through a lengthy examination of the U.S. Air Force's Strategic Air Command. The antecedents of Samos, the U.S.'s TV spy satellite, are tracked back across 100 years, when a balloon-borne camera produced an aerial view of Boston.

If the historian outshouts the reporter in *USA*1*, the explanation lies in the person of the magazine's founder: British-born Rodney C. Campbell, 37, a confirmed history buff. Campbell's sense of history, maturing during seven years as a *TIME* writer, prompted him three years ago to start a magazine of his own. He rounded up \$1,000,000 worth of support, gathered a staff from *TIME* (three reporter-writers) and the *New York Daily Press* (the *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, *Post* and *Wall Street Journal*).

Editor Campbell has set his sights ambitiously high. Except on an experimental basis, *USA*1* will not be sold on newsstands, and will take full-page ads only ("more dignified"). Although the magazine's opening subscription rate was a stiff \$10 a year (it will rise to \$15 in May), test mail solicitations pulled some 125,000 charter subscribers. Those who signed up should feel little pain as they pay the high price of news-plus-history: according to a recent survey, their average income exceeds \$26,000 a year.

Silly Question of the Week

IS QUEEN ELIZABETH UNDER FIRE?

On the cover of *Look* magazine, teasing readers to cope with a gossip story suggesting that public criticism of the royal British family is getting close to the Queen herself.



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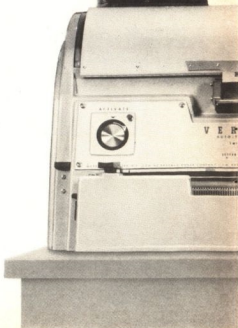
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TIME, APRIL 20, 1962

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS The Economics of Steel

Always in times past and ten times since World War II, the U.S. Steel Corp., biggest company in the nation's basic industry, has been able to set prices in steel. Its crushing defeat when it attempted to do so last week had complex causes. The two most important:

► Hard economic factors, as well as political pressure, cracked steel's monolith.
► All steelmen agreed that higher prices were desirable, but many figured that slower, spaced-out boosts would have been more realistic. And many had grave doubts as to the economic feasibility of Big Steel's abrupt, across-the-board raise.

Productivity & Profits. Big Steel's basic problem was one that struck a responsive chord in the heart of many a U.S. businessman. For four years, argued U.S. Steel Chairman Roger Blough, his company's production and labor costs have been inching up, but its prices have increased not at all—partly because American steel has been meeting increasing competition from lower-cost foreign steel and domestic steel substitutes, such as aluminum, concrete and plastics.

Against this, President Kennedy argued that steel's bill for raw materials is cheaper now than in 1958; iron ore has remained level, while coal and steel scrap have dropped sharply. More important, the President declared that the productivity of steel workers has risen enough so that the labor costs of producing a ton of steel have not increased since 1958, and will actually slip a bit this year. Productivity is an elusive and much disputed statistic. Kennedy's estimates of productivity gains in steel were roughly double the industry's own estimate of 2% yearly.

Apart from labor costs, the heart of U.S. Steel's case was its claim that profits are too low to supply the huge investment—some \$400 million a year—that the company feels it needs to modernize its costly plants. It was an argument not to be lightly dismissed. Though U.S. Steel's profit margins have consistently bettered the average for U.S. manufacturing as a whole, its after-tax earnings have shrunk from \$302 million in 1958 to \$190 million last year, lowest since 1952. But the rest of the industry has done better; taken as a whole, earnings of the ten next biggest companies went from \$403 million in 1958 to \$412 million in 1961.

The fact that its profits had run below the industry average suggested that U.S. Steel might well be losing its eminence as the nation's most efficient steel producer. But the prime reason for Big Steel's smaller profits last year was a \$362 million drop in sales because of poor demand. Even though the steel industry has learned to earn some profit while operating as low as 50% capacity, it contends that it needs far higher profits than other manufacturing industries to support its

uncommonly high capital investment. And it can show such high profits only when demand is so brisk that plants operate at close to full blast. The industry earned a thumping 14% on assets when it poured at 94% capacity during the first quarter of 1960.

Steelmen rarely do that well any more. The industry has never again matched 1955's peak production of 117 million tons; technological changes and steel price increases have induced many former steel

Steel executive: "This is no kind of market in which to raise prices. We have been selling most steel products below list price as it is. Prices are negotiated."

In this kind of market, a further increase in prices would almost certainly have impelled more steel users to shift to substitute materials—or to foreign steel. Even had the price rise stuck, Wall Street estimated that U.S. Steel would have at best gained \$60 million in after-tax earnings—only half of its decline in earnings



NEW BUILDINGS IN NEW YORK: STEEL (LEFT) & CONCRETE (RIGHT)
The problem is deeper than one price increase.

users to shift to steel substitutes. In the past five years, per capita steel consumption in the U.S. has dropped from one-half ton to about one-third ton.

Gain & Loss. U.S. Steel's 13-man executive committee concluded that extreme modernization was needed to meet the extreme competition, and that a general price rise was the way to finance it. Given the conservative nature of the industry, Chairman Roger Blough and the committee were loath to add to Big Steel's \$893 million debt or to cut its standard \$3 yearly dividend, which would have gravely depressed its stock. But within and without the steel industry, there were profound doubts that such a price rise would really have brought U.S. Steel the benefits it anticipated.

With most steel users carrying fairly heavy inventories that they had built up as a hedge against a possible breakdown in the recent labor negotiations, the demand for steel since the contract settlement has softened. In April's first week, production fell from 82.5% of capacity to 81%. And for months the steel companies have found it hard to maintain their old prices on such items as wire products, tubes and stainless steel sheets. Muttered an Inland

from 1960 to 1961, and much less than it figured it needed for modernization.

Alternative & Rejection. One obvious alternative would have been quietly spaced-out rises, on individual types of steel as demand for them permitted. At his press conference, Blough conceded that Big Steel had considered and rejected such a course. And even before U.S. Steel rescinded its proposed rise, Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. President Leonard Rose cautiously declared that his company was "studying each of our product lines to determine the feasibility of specific price changes in the light of market conditions." In retrospect, most steelmen agree that such a course would have had the advantage of hitching prices to demand in the classic free-enterprise manner—and might have averted a collision course with the President of the U.S.

Impact & Comment

Businessmen, still sharing the general euphoria over the "industrial statesmanship" of the steel contract, were startled by U.S. Steel's unexpected price increase. Their initial instinct was to applaud Roger Blough's dramatic affirmation of the right of a businessman in a demo-

cratic, free-enterprise society to set his own prices. But as the week went on, and Blough himself made clear that he had no such defiant design in mind, and had simply underestimated the probable Administration and public reaction, another current of opinion set in. Stupidly handled, even if economically justified, was now the view.

By Any Definition. When news of the price rise broke, Chairman Avery Adams of Jones & Laughlin Steel said: "We certainly don't accept the President's statement that this was an irresponsible act. We are dealing with increases in labor costs of 50¢ an hour since 1958. That is clearly inflationary by any definition that any economist might want to apply."

Some businessmen, themselves caught in a cost-price squeeze, welcomed U.S. Steel's move as a justification for raising their own prices. Judson Sayre, head of Borg-Warner's Norge Division, said that "the appliance industry would be justi-

the public transcend its responsibilities to its stockholders."

"The Worst Blunder." When White House pressure grew stronger, many businessmen became loudly critical of both Kennedy and Blough. A Los Angeles aerospace executive called the sudden raise "the worst blunder by the steel industry since the days when they called up strike-breakers to shoot at the workers." Said the head of a sugar company: "Maybe the steel people did need a price increase, but going about it in the way they did puts a plague on all our houses." The business community was plainly apprehensive of Kennedy's wrath. Said Willard F. Rockwell, chairman of Rockwell-Standard Corp. (axes and frames): "Kennedy's press conference performance showed a most vicious attitude toward business. What kind of justice is it—when one guy steps out of line to punish us all for being in business?"

Worries that the White House would

INDUSTRY

Tobacco's Pack of Troubles

When doctors began to link smoking and lung cancer ten years ago, the U.S. tobacco industry deftly headed off catastrophe by switching to filter brands, which seemed to allay the public's fears. Since then U.S. cigarette consumption has puffed merrily on to new highs year after year (24 billion packs last year), and most of the major manufacturers have reaped a harvest of profit records. Suddenly last week the cancer scare rose up again, setting off a flurry of selling on the New York Stock Exchange that tumbled every major U.S. cigarette producer's stock to a new 1962 low—though by week's end all had recovered some of their losses.

Transatlantic Trouble. This time the source of the trouble lay across the Atlantic where British cigarette companies are under attack as the result of a recent



NORGE'S SAYRE



BUILDER WEBB



ROCKWELL'S ROCKWELL



STEELMAN ADAMS

The business community was plainly apprehensive of John F. Kennedy.

fied in increasing prices up to 5%." In similar vein, makers of screws and ships, prefab buildings and Pullman cars also mapped raises.

"Lousy Timing." On the wisdom of his timing, Blough found few defenders. Said Builder Del Webb: "I wouldn't think the steel industry used good judgment in raising prices immediately after a labor settlement. But it would have had to come sooner or later." More bluntly, Howard A. Williams, purchasing director of Cleveland's Eaton Manufacturing Co. (auto and aircraft parts) declared: "What's had about the increase was the lousy timing."

Another common reservation, reflecting the social consciousness peculiar to 20th century American industry, was that although a businessman has a right to set his own prices, he should exercise "responsibility" in doing so. Said President George Killian of American President Lines, a Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee during the Truman era: "If the rise in steel prices was really needed, it should have been adequately explained to the appropriate federal agencies, with adequate preparation and groundwork. It should not have been a coldblooded action taken out of the blue. A private company's responsibilities to

declare war on the whole business community were reflected in the stock market. U.S. Steel dropped $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 67 $\frac{1}{2}$, its lowest level since 1958, and the Dow-Jones industrial index suffered its worst break since last September, plunging in a single day's trading to 685.67—a drop of 9.23 points. But the market began to firm as Inland Steel broke ranks, and in the 15 minutes after Bethlehem Steel retreated from its price increase, the market rallied to close at 687.90.

Businessmen presumed that a crisis had been averted, although they feared that, over the long haul, John Kennedy would begin to listen harder to his activist economic advisers, who want him to intervene more often and more forcefully in the affairs of business. At very least, the atmosphere was plainly not conducive to price increases of any kind. In San Francisco, the nation's "blue jean king," President Walter Haas of Levi Strauss & Co., had planned to raise his own prices by 3%—though he had condemned the steel price rise as "unconscionable." In one of the week's most notable non sequiturs, Haas quickly withdrew his raises because "although our business has absolutely no relation to steel, we feel that the impact of any increase would be bad at this time."

Royal College of Physicians report on lung cancer, which has brought on a British government anti-tobacco educational campaign (TIME, March 23). After watching their sales fall 10%, the British companies last week, in an attempt to hold public esteem, volunteered to restrict television tobacco advertising to after 9 p.m., when children are in bed. One company even pulled its cigarettes out of street vending machines to keep under-age smokers from buying them so easily.

Adding to the impact of the British hubbub was an Italian law prohibiting tobacco advertising entirely. Though Italy's cynical citizens assumed that the law was meant to protect the cigarettes produced by the state tobacco monopoly against competition from imported cigarettes (whose sales depend much more heavily on advertising), U.S. tobaccos began to worry lest the U.S. Government take a cue from Britain and Italy. They found scant comfort in news that the U.S. Public Health Service has just decided to set up a panel to study the relationship between smoking and cancer.

Safety in Diversity. Philip Morris Inc. (Marlboro, Parliament, Alpine) has already begun hedging against possible loss of cigarette sales by diversifying. Some



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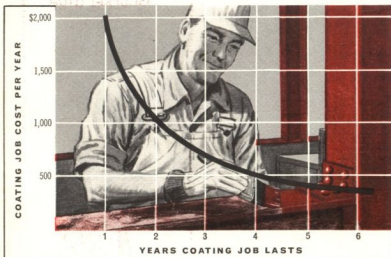
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20% of its business last year was in razor blades (Pal, Gem), flexible packaging and polymer chemicals. P. Lorillard Co. (Kent, Old Gold, Newport, York) recently obtained permission from its stockholders to begin diversifying.

For the most part, however, tobacco men profess confidence that the cigarette habit will not lose its hold on the public. The industry's largest producer, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. (Camel, Winston, Salem) is test-marketing in Southern California, New England and North Carolina a new king-size nonfilter cigarette called Brandon, which ambitiously aims to displace American Tobacco Co.'s Pall Mall as the top individual seller. And Philip Morris President Joseph F. Cullman 3rd gave some hint of how the industry hopes to fight the medical issue. He told his company's stockholders last week that there is unspecified but "growing evidence that smoking has pharmacological and psychological effects that are of real value to smokers."

CORPORATIONS

The Gringo Company

On paper there is no fruit so appealing to raise as the richest relative of the lily family, the banana. It grows so fast that it goes from bulb to cash crop in twelve months. It is the biggest moneymaker per acre of any crop grown anywhere, and is so popular that U.S. housewives buy more pounds of bananas each year than any other produce item. Yet under its golden peel there are a host of troubles, and in recent years United Fruit Co.—the world's largest banana grower and marketer—has had them all.

Until five years ago, with postwar banana sales rocketing, United Fruit was reaping profits by merely filling orders in the eleven American and European nations where it has sales offices. Then its plantations in Panama and Honduras were all but wiped out by a combination of wind, floods and the Panama disease, which by infecting the soil puts banana land out of cultivation almost indefinitely. Small Ecuadorian growers jumped in to capture 25% of the world banana market. Meantime, United Fruit's own share of the world market, which in 1948 stood at over 40%, skidded to below 30%—though it managed to hang on to its 60% of U.S. banana sales.

This would still have been a profitable slice if United Fruit had not been saddled with costs that its competitors did not have to contend with. Since its founding in 1899, United Fruit had built a welfare system for its Latin American workers that included 188 schools and 16 hospitals, cost \$4,000,000 a year to run. Unlike its latter-day competitors, who buy their bananas from independent producers, United Fruit also had vast fixed investments in banana lands, workers' housing and rail lines to haul the fruit. Between 1957 and 1960, as the company's sales dropped from \$342 million to \$304 million, these pressures shrank its per-share earnings from \$3.59 to 25¢.



SUNDERLAND

GARDNER



UNITED FRUIT WORKERS LOAD A BANANA SHIP AT PUERTO ARMUELLES, PANAMA
Under the golden peel, the bitter taste of trouble.

Reaching Out. As United Fruit's fortunes darkened, the company's directors, led by their newly elected chairman, Boston Investment Banker George Peabody Gardner Jr., 44, desperately reached outside the banana business to find a president who would remake the company. Their choice: Thomas Elbert Sunderland, 54, previously vice president and general counsel of Standard Oil of Indiana.

Sunderland found himself at the head of an empire which, besides banana lands in eight tropical American countries, included cattle ranches, thousands of acres in sugar cane, cacao and oil palm, 1,380 miles of railroads, 55 ships, a sugar refinery and a communications network (Tropical Radio Telegraph Co.). He also found himself saddled with a chaotic organization in which three men might be working on the same project without being aware of each other's existence. The company also suffered from memories of the free-wheeling days when it was run by the late Sam ("The Banana Man") Zemurray and in the eyes of nationalistic Latin Americans was a symbol of everything they hated about "Yanqui imperialism."

Looking for Partners. Sunderland hired a team of energetic young executives and concentrated in Boston management functions that had previously been divided among New York, Boston and New Orleans. To win back more of the banana market, he set up a marketing division that is developing protective boxes to ship bananas from the fields without their heavy stems, is pushing the Chiquita Banana brand name to give United Fruit bananas identity with customers, and soon hopes to start sending bananas to supermarkets in labeled plastic bags. Sunderland has also begun diversifying into other grocery products—namely freeze-dry shrimp, chicken and beef.

Sunderland's top-priority objective, however, is to get rid of United Fruit's Latin American land holdings. By the end

of last year, he had sold 37,440 acres of banana lands to bring the total company banana land holdings down to 368,001 acres. His method: selling or leasing United Fruit lands to nationals (called "associate producers"), whom he helps with financing and know-how, and whom United Fruit (for a fee) supplies with such services as daily spraying against banana diseases. Last week in Colombia, Sunderland carried the plan further and arranged a fifty-fifty split of the final profit with associate producers. "They are going to feel literal partners in the whole enterprise," says Sunderland.

The Image Problem. By disposing of United Fruit's banana acreage, Sunderland hopes to end a serious cost drain on United Fruit and at the same time satisfy Latin Americans' nationalistic determination to be masters in their own lands. Gradually some Latin Americans are beginning to concede that United Fruit, whatever its past faults, has contributed to the economic development of their countries and is now trying to become a progressive force as well. Yet today the company is being blasted as never before by Castroite labor leaders who take to the radio to air such grievances as the company's failure to repair someone's screen door. One sympathetic Panamanian recently spelled out just how hard it will be for United Fruit to change its image. Said he: "If it were not a gringo company, there would be no problem."

Though United Fruit may never completely overcome Latin America's hard-dying suspicion of gringo companies, its own version of land reform should make it a smaller target for future agitators. On the balance sheet, Sunderland's policies have already paid off handsomely. Last week the company announced that its per-share earnings for the first quarter of 1962 had hit 54¢, v. 4¢ last year. "My feeling," says Tom Sunderland, "is that the tide is beginning to run our way."

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Cashing In on Culture

With more leisure in which to indulge an old itch to improve themselves, many Americans are casting an eye on culture, and catching up on philosophy as never before. No U.S. enterprise has done more to foster this trend—or has cashed in on it more successfully—than Chicago's Great Books of the Western World. This week, as it celebrates the completion of its first decade in business, Great Books can boast that it has sold more than 153,000 of its 54-volume sets, which include works by 74 authors ranging from Homer to Freud. Last year alone, 51,083 Great Books sets were sold for \$22 million, a 27% increase over 1960. As a division of Publisher (and ex-Connecticut Senator) William Benton's Encyclopaedia Britannica Inc., Great Books keeps mum about its profits, but Britannica executives concede that it earns enough to pay some of its regional sales managers \$100,000 a year.

Million-Dollar Index. Great Books is the fruit of an inspired collaboration between an intellectual with a taste for "business romance" and a hard-driving salesman with a rare knack for marketing culture. The intellectual is restless Mortimer J. Adler, 59, a martini-sipping scholastic iconoclast who first imposed himself on the national consciousness as a University of Chicago philosophy of law professor and a protégé of former Chicago Chancellor Robert Hutchins (who still holds the title of editor of the Great Books).

In 1943 Adler scraped up a \$60,000 grant to begin work on his Syntopticon index for the Great Books. The Syntopticon unabashedly categorizes the "102 Great Ideas of Western Civilization" (from Angel and Animal to Wisdom and the World) and refers the reader to everything of note that the great authors have said about them.

Eggheads Are Not Enough. Before he was through, it cost Adler nine years and \$1,000,000 (mostly wheedled out of Benton) to put the Syntopticon together. With heavy publicity mailings to industrialists—often followed up by whirlwind visits from Adler—Britannica managed to sell 1,863 Great Books sets in 1952. But in 1953 sales plummeted to 138.

The turning point came in 1956, when Benton brought into Great Books the salesman—stocky, bespectacled Kenneth M. Harden, a veteran of 37 years of encyclopedia selling. At the time he took over as national sales manager, recalls Harden, Great Books executives "felt there was a 2% cream on top of our society who were Great Books prospects—the eggheads." Countered Harden: "Let's go after the mass market—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker."

Learn Now, Pay Later. To reach the butcher and baker, Harden set about building an indefatigable, door-to-door sales force. Operating out of Los Angeles, Harden set up a course at which new salesmen learned how to use the Syntopticon and to pronounce the names of the authors (reading them is not required).



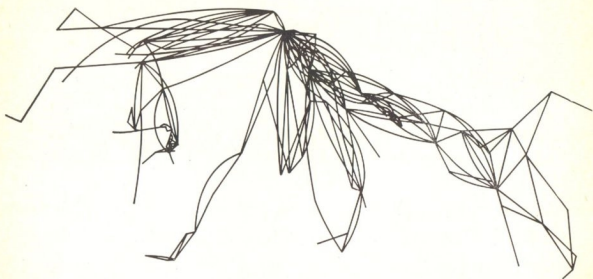
GREAT BOOKS' HARDEN & ADLER
In the sales kit: 102 Ideas.

In the field, Harden's salesmen offered the Great Books (sold in sets costing from \$28 to \$1.175, depending on binding) for as little as \$10 down and \$10 a month, and threw in a bookcase and a Bible or dictionary to boot. In chart-studded sales broadsides, they talked earnestly of the importance of a liberal education for children, and displayed Great Books reading lists for youngsters. To help spread the Great Books idea, more than 50,000 adults were signed up in Great Books discussion groups (run by the non-profit Great Books Foundation).

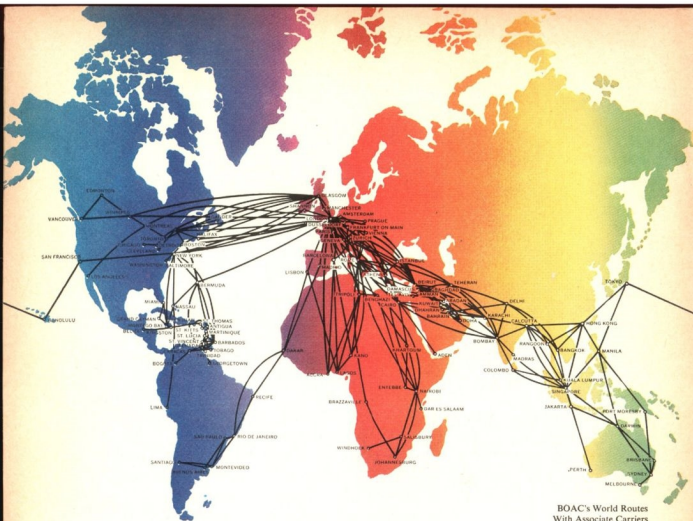
With this kind of hard sell, Harden increased Great Books sales 400% (from 5,256 sets to 26,607) in the first three years of his regime. Today his salesmen earn an average annual salary of \$9,000, some make as much as \$30,000, and managers take home much more. Harden insists that "they are not just making money. They are carrying the banner."

Spillane v. Spinoza. Some scholars feel that the Great Books banner is a bit tattered. Many of the translations, they complain, are expurgated Victorian versions, and the series' concentration on pre-20th century classics leaves electricity, for example, covered only by a 100-year-old treatise by Michael Faraday.

Adler, who now devotes most of his time to San Francisco's Institute for Philosophical Research, but remains associate editor of Great Books, shrugs off such criticism. Great Books, he points out, updated its series with an annual \$6 supplement, which last year included works by Einstein, Toynebe and John Dewey. Furthermore, the excited salesmanship of Great Books has switched many Americans—at least temporarily—from the works of Spillane to those of Spinoza and St. Augustine. As for the cash payoff on all this, Salesman Harden predicts that within five years he will be selling Adler's classics at a \$40 million-a-year clip.



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CINEMA

Astronauts & FBIdiots

Moon Pilot (Buena Vista). Sacred cows, if skillfully milked, produce tons of fun; but Hollywood usually avoids them because they often kick back. The more reason to be pleasantly surprised that Walt Disney, not specifically known for socio-political daring, should have herded three of these pampered critters—the FBI, the Air Force and the astronaut program—into the same plot. Under the deft manipulation of Director James Neilson and Scenarist Maurice Tombragel, they produce a fairly steady stream of healthy nonsense.

The Air Force is represented by a cigar-chomping general who chews out his mis-silemen every hour on the hour ("I want

obviously greater interest [plane schedules, comic books, etc.], the hero concludes that Lyrae must be a Russian spy. In panic he calls the general and the general calls the "Federal Security Agency."

Enter FS Agent McCloskey (Edmond O'Brien), a sort of secret inoperative who growls all the right things ("Send this to the lab—and tell them to rush it . . . There will be no slippups!"), does all the wrong things, and spends his spare time staring wide-eyed at the cops-and-robbers shows on TV. Since McCloskey has never caught anything more elusive than a cold, it's a cinch he can't catch Lyrae, who has been sent from a friendly planet to correct a defect in the moon rocket. Alas, such is interplanetary life, she falls in love with the hero, and with the help of feminine



CHIMP & CHIMP in "PILOT"

In the honeymoon rocket all systems are goo.

no scrubs, no bugs, no red lights and no excuses!") and LeMay or LeMay not be recognizable. The astronauts are represented by a group of clean-cut, square-jawed, blue-eyed young men in the prime of life and the pink of condition.

"Gentlemen," briskly the general, "we are sending a man around the moon—this week! I'm asking for volunteers." The astronauts turn pale, drop their eyes, examine their nails, twiddle their fingers, fiddle with buttons, brush their sleeves, blow their noses. All at once an astrochimp, who happens to be standing by, grabs a fork and playfully jabs one of these reluctant Shepards of kingdom come (Tom Tryon) in the behind. "Yeeeee-oooww!" he squeals. "That's our man!" the general bawls.

Terrified, the hero requests compassionate leave—he wants to see his dear old mother before he blasts off. Request granted. On the way home the astrochimp gets airsick—he doesn't like flying, but there wasn't enough time to go by bus—and is soothed by a beautiful stranger (Dany Saval) with a foreign accent, who calls herself Lyrae and can read his mind. Since the plane carries reading material of

methods that seem to be universally practiced persuades him to turn the moon rocket into ("Captain? H-his voice is changing. No! Th-there's a woman in the capsule! CAPTAIN! WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE!") a honeymoon rocket. At the fade all systems are goo.

Slystrata in Sicily

Jessica (United Artists). "I have to hurry," says the young American widow (Angie Dickinson) who has just become midwife to the village of Forza d'Agrò, Sicily. "I have to deliver a baby." The young Sicilian farmer grins slyly and replies: "If the baby is a boy, he will wait." The rest of Forza d'Agrò's male population is not so subtle in its compliments. As Angie joggles over the cobblestones on her Vespa, the baker watches her out of sight while absently patting two round loaves of bread, and the farmers' furrows develop empathetic curves. The women of the village can't exactly blame Angie. She does nothing to attract the attention she gets. She simply goes about her business, and what's more goes about it with professional skill. "She's good, she's honest, she loves her work," says the village



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DICKINSON IN "JESSICA"
The secret weapon a sit-up strike.

matriarch (Agnes Moorehead). "How can we get rid of her?"

The answer comes from Aristophanes. Like the Athenian women in *Lysistrata*, the women of the village call a sex strike—one of them describes it as "a sit-up strike"—to take the men's minds off Angie. But Angie solves their problem by getting her own man (Gabriele Ferzetti).

Meno male, as the Italians say: it could be worse. But the setting that Director Jean Negulesco (*Three Coins in the Fountain*) has chosen for his story could hardly be better. Forza d'Agro sits on a mountain ledge 1,400 ft. above the Strait of Messina. Far below, the placid Mediterranean lies to the horizons like a single dark blue tile. Far above, Mount Etna looms like a vast white tent set up for God. And all around, the hot yellow hills stand up in jagged pinnacles, like dragon's teeth that may at any moment change into giants. To make such a picture in such a place is to scatter sticky candy wrappers at the gates of heaven.

Toads in the Tea

Burn, Witch, Burn (American-International) confirms some horrible undergraduate suspicions about faculty wives. It seems they really do put toads in the tea.

For instance: the heroine of this picture (Janet Blair), wife of a sociology professor in a small English college, is a witch. Having learned black magic from a sorcerer in Jamaica, she comes back to Britain laden with abracadebris (dead spiders, pickled fingers, esoteric herbs) and secretly begins to bewitch her husband. Her motives are wifely in the best bourgeois tradition: she only wants to keep her husband safe from other witches, and to make sure he does well in his job. He does very well indeed. Before the first reel runs out, he seems certain to become chairman of the sociology department. At that point, unfortunately for him, the scientific snob discovers what his wife has been up to, and with self-righteous rationality he destroys her "protections." They burn with a sinister light.

Next morning, the professor is called to

TIME, APRIL 20, 1962

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answer a charge of rape made by one of his students. Later the same day her boy friend comes after him with a gun. That evening something enormous that grunts like a hog and walks with a limp attempts to break down his front door. Next day his car skids into a ditch. That night his wife falls into a trance and walks into the sea. After he rescues her, she tries to murder him, and less than an hour later his house catches fire while he is being attacked by a—well, it's either a small airplane or an awful big eagle.

What causes all these unfortunate incidents? Just one of the other faculty wives, who also happens to be a witch and who wants her own husband to get that nice cushy job as head of the sociology department. Not much of a movie, but it goes to show what can happen in a community that fails to pay its teachers a living wage.

Baseball-batty

Safe at Home! [Columbia]. "My father knows more about baseball 'n your father!"

"No he dozen. My father knows Mickey Man'le, an' Roger Maris too."

"Wow! Kin ya git me a autograph, pitcha?"

"Sure I kin."

No he can't. His father (Don Collier) is just an ordinary joe who owns a fishing boat in a Florida backwater and knows Mantle & Maris about as well as he knows Dun & Bradstreet. The boy, a lovable little liar called Hutch (Bryan Russell), is a utility outfielder in the Little League, and he hasn't yet learned that a small lie usually leads to a big lie: "Sure, I'll get Man'le an' Maris t' come ta the Little League banquet."

To get them, Hutch assembles his life's savings (87¢), lays in the necessary provisions (eleven peanut-butter sandwiches), and shinies up the tailgate of a truck bound for Fort Lauderdale, where the Yankees train. When he gets there, Hutch ducks past the doorman of the Yankee Clipper Hotel, falls asleep in Mickey's room, wakes up to see two mountains of muscle frowning down at him. "G-g-gee!" Hutch stutters. "M-Mickey Man'le an' R-Roger Maris! G-gee!"

"Son," they want to know, "what's your name?" Hutch tells them, tells them the spot he's in—"So please come! Ya gotta come!" But Mantle and Maris only shake their heads sadly; and then Mantle, with a wisdom that few fans have suspected him of concealing, gives Hutch a few pointers on the great game of lie. "Hutch," he drawls stolidly, "yew lied. Now son, yew can't make a foul ball fair, jes' by movin' the baselines."

"Gee," says Hutch. "What shall I do?" "Face up," Mantle replies. "Face up tew whut yew've done."

Sound advice—for Mantle and Maris too. They sure do try hard, but what they have done is scarcely worthy of two players who studied elocution with Casey Stengel, and who have enjoyed previous dramatic experience as the stars of Vitals and InfraRub commercials.



Executive office at Panhandle Eastern Pipeline Co., Kansas City, Mo. Paneling is Weldwood Algoma Architectural Blueprint Matched Walnut, with matching 8-foot Weldwood door. Architect: Earl D. Clark Jr., Kansas City. Designer: Joseph A. Perretti, New York, N. Y.

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good to know that *more* of our wonderful natural, scenic and historic heritage is being set aside for the benefit and enjoyment of all, as an investment in America's future.

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SCIENCE

Laser Magic

Ever since lasers—a word and an instrument stemming from Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation—were first perfected, their fierce, pure gleam has been one of the most revolutionary tools of advancing science. By stimulating the atoms of a synthetic ruby with brief bursts from a powerful strobe lamp, scientists demonstrated that they could produce spurts of “coherent” light—pure red light that is all of the same wavelength, all polarized in the same direction, and all traveling in phase in almost perfectly parallel beams. Such light

was drilled by a flash that lasted only one two-thousandth of a second. Pinpointed by a lens on the crystallized carbon of diamond, which has the highest vaporizing temperature of any solid substance, laser light produces a blue puff of vapor that is close to 18,000° F., about twice the temperature of the sun's white-hot surface.

Dr. Tomiyasu and his colleagues have also learned how to make laser light carry information. Modulated in much the same manner as radio waves, its high frequencies can handle far more intelligence than any microwave beam. Each five-thousandth-of-a-second burst of light can theoretically be made to transmit coded information that would be the equivalent of 200,000 words.

For most purposes there are handier ways to communicate, but Dr. Tomiyasu has his eye on a notoriously difficult communication problem. When a missile nose cone or a spaceship slams down through the atmosphere, it surrounds itself with a sheath of plasma (hot, ionized gases) that repels radio waves. Space scientists well remember that during the most critical period of Colonel John Glenn's return to earth from his orbital flight, the radios of his Mercury capsule were blacked out for seven minutes by the plasma sheath. Laser light, if strong enough, can penetrate plasma, and Dr. Tomiyasu believes that returning space vehicles of the future, such as Apollo moon capsules or Dyna-Soar gliders, will use laser burst-communication to talk to the earth despite the flaming meteor trails around them.

Time or Light? Most laser light is deep red (from synthetic ruby), or infra-red, but there seems to be no reason why it could not be manufactured in other colors too. Dr. Tomiyasu is especially interested in blue-green light, which penetrates sea water better than other colors; he hopes to generate it in a laser that uses a fluorescent liquid instead of synthetic ruby.

Blue-green laser light would be a boon to underwater exploration. Shot out in a thin beam from a submarine or an oceanographic surface ship, it could probe the ocean floor, look for wrecks or obstacles as far as 1,000 ft. away, much farther than ordinary light could penetrate. It could also carry messages between friendly submarines.

Dr. Tomiyasu also envisions far more exotic applications for the laser. Scientists have long considered the speed of light to be a changeless constant of the universe, but recent measurements have made light seem to be traveling slightly faster than it did 20 years ago. If accurate measurements with the laser's coherent light confirm this apparent change, scientists will have to face up to a touchy problem. Is it the speed of light that is actually changing, or time itself? The units with which man measures time (and speed) are traditionally derived from the various movements of the earth. If



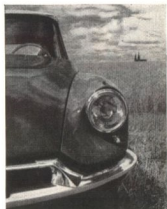
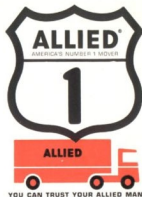
PHYSICIST TOMIYASU
Secrets in their ruby hearts.

can be focused so sharply that its energy is concentrated on a tiny spot, and laser experimenters love to show how an instantaneous flash of their innocent-looking red light can burn a hole in a thin sheet of steel.

But the fact that lasers can blast holes in razor blades would hardly explain the excitement that they have stirred up. There is more to them than that. In their ruby hearts, lasers hold the secrets of new industrial and communication techniques, new sonar-like underwater detection systems. They may supply the means for the most precise measurements ever made of the speed of light.

Blue Puff. Physicist Kiyo Tomiyasu, 42, technical director of General Electric Co.'s laser lab, is particularly proud of the ease with which one of his lasers has drilled holes in a pea-sized black synthetic diamond. Diamonds, which are the hardest things known to man, have been drilled before, but the process is difficult and time consuming. Dr. Tomiyasu (Nevada-born; Harvard doctorate) did the job on his diamond with laser light. Each hole

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the earth were slowly slowing down, time, measured in this way, would be stretching out, and that changeless constant, the speed of light, would seem to be getting faster.

The Dangers of Quiet

A jetliner taxis out to take off on runway 31 L^o at New York's Idlewild airport. Radioed advice from the ground control crackles in the crew's ears: "In the interest of noise abatement, do not delay turn to 290°." Beside the taxiway, a blunt sign reminds the pilot again of the noise-controlling turn. The reminder is unnecessary. He knows that the moment his wheels leave the ground he must transmit a report to a company sound truck stationed in line with the end of the runway, and he must start a countdown: "Five, four, three, two . . ." At the count of two, he will ease his thrust levers (throttles) back and reduce power; all four engines will slow to comparative quiet as he glides over the truck. Hopefully, he will not register too much noise on the recorders that the Port of New York Authority has nearby.

As he climbs away from Idlewild, the pilot can spot beneath his wings row upon row of houses—a familiar sight close to the borders of most U.S. jetports. And the pilot knows that the noise abatement procedures that bugged him all through the tense (and potentially dangerous) moments of takeoff have only one purpose: to make life more pleasant in those residential areas. But last week representatives of the Airline Pilots Association, and of the engineers who fly with them, were protesting in Washington to Senator Mike Monroney's Aviation Subcommittee. Noise abatement, they argued, may be a blessing to an airport's neighbors; it is a menace to anyone who flies.

Apt to Get Caught. The modern jet is a nightmare of complexity. Pilot, co-pilot and engineer are busy during every split second of takeoff—watching instruments, managing flaps and other control surfaces, nursing the engines, checking visually for other planes, and watching for birds that might get sucked into a jet intake. Noise abatement rules only add to their burden at the touchiest moments of flight.

No commercial airline pilots are claiming that any single noise abatement rule makes flying dangerous. But bit by bit, say the pilots, noise abatement procedures are chipping away at their margin of safety. Long training urges that they take off into the wind and climb to altitude on a straight course under full power. Noise abatement often requires them to take off downwind, to climb too steeply, to make turns at minimum altitudes and air speeds. Cutting power for the sake of quietness reduces air speed also, just when a plane needs every boost it can get. As it is practiced today, says Edward Bech-

© Airport runways are frequently numbered by dividing the magnetic heading by ten and rounding the result to the nearest whole number. When there are parallel runways, the letters L and R designate left or right.

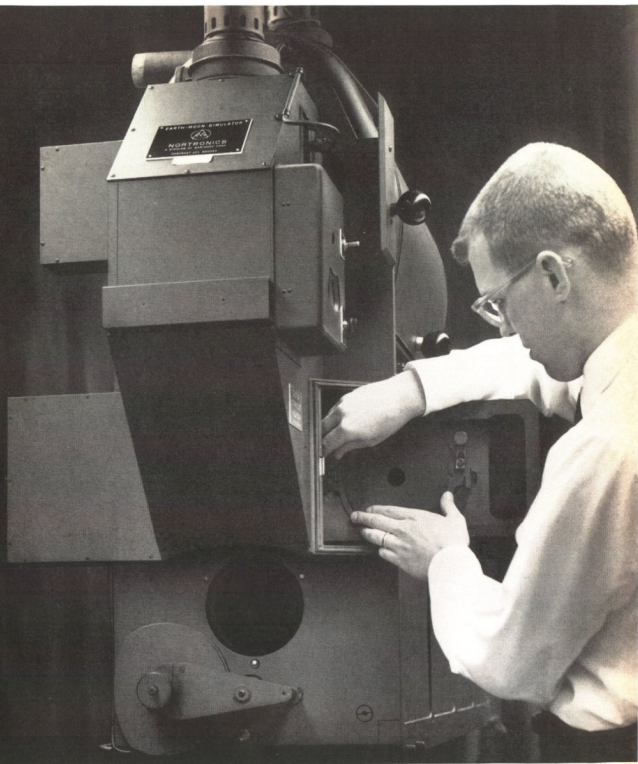


SOUND TRUCK & POLE TOP RECORDER
A growing menace to anyone who flies.

told, a safety expert of the Airline Pilots Association, "noise abatement is like a married man going out with other women. If he does it long enough he's apt to get caught."

Price of Safety. As the commander of his airliner, every captain realizes that he is the ultimate authority on its safety. Theoretically, he may ignore any anti-noise regulation that he considers dangerous. But the pressures to comply are considerable. Airports are continually harassed by their noise-sensitive neighbors, and the pilot who violates a rule for safety's sake may well live to regret it. The airline he works for may be reprimanded for a loud takeoff recorded on the airport's monitors. At some airports, offending lines have learned that the price of safety is to be forbidden to take off during certain hours.

Noise abatement procedures, say the pilots, are safe enough as long as every part of their plane is working properly. But failure of an engine, misbehavior of a control surface, a minor loss of power combined with a gusty cross- or tail wind can result in disaster for a plane that is crowding the limits of safe operation. As they try to piece together the cause of the jetliner crash that killed 95 people at Idlewild last month (TIME, March 9), experts are haunted by the memory of recent FAA tests held at safe altitudes high over Oklahoma. Every now and then, when the test pilot made a maneuver that might have resulted from noise abatement rules, the big FAA jetliner fell off into a Dutch roll and lost a thousand feet before the pilot could get it back on even keel. The ship that crashed into Jamaica Bay just after takeoff had no skyroom to save it.



We put the earth and the moon in this box—and backed off a billion miles

This is an earth-moon simulator developed by Northrop. As its name implies, it shows us how the earth, or the earth-moon system, would look to an observer in space, from 80,000 miles all the way out to 1 billion miles. It was built to test the sensing devices which space vehicles use to track the earth, so they can guide themselves and point their communications antennas at the earth.

The earth-moon simulator is not only an important research tool, but also a major step toward quality control in space systems. It was designed and built by the Nortronics Division of Northrop. It will be used by Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, contractor to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. **NORTHROP**

BOOKS

Curtain Going Up

GEORGE (437 pp.)—Emlyn Williams—Random House (\$5.95).

Autobiography is a form of exhibitionism that may be made socially acceptable by the exhibitor's eminence or celebrityhood, his talent for self-exploration or the story he has to tell. Good writing is a bonus.

On all counts, *George* gets high marks. Emlyn Williams' eminence is unquestioned; as a playwright, his hits have included *The Corn Is Green* and *Night Must Fall*, as an actor, he has scored international hits with his one-man performances of Charles Dickens and Dylan Thomas (and he will soon take over from Paul Scofield the Broadway role of Sir Thomas More in *A Man for All Seasons*). This "early autobiography," as he ambivalently calls it, carries him no farther than age 21. But that handful of years makes a moving story—the precarious flowering of a brilliant talent in a pastoral slum and the transplanting that almost killed it. And, as befits a Welshman, Williams' writing is like singing.

Smuts & Sophistication. "The world was waiting. Waiting for me, to whisper my incantation 'I am George Emlyn Williams and . . . I was lying with my head on my fist on morning grass, dry of dew and warm with the first heat of the year. Spring smells and earth feelings crept into my seven-year-old body; nine-tenths innocent, one-tenth conscient, it responded. I rolled one cheek up till it closed an eye, and squinted down at the sunlit village.'"

The village was Glamafra, in Flintshire, the smallest county in Wales, where lived George Emlyn's parents, Richard

and Mary. He was a stoker when they married, she a lady's maid in Liverpool. He failed his way through a variety of tiny enterprises, including—for nine of Emlyn's formative years—the operation of a country pub. Dad was at home on either side of a bar, beery, convivial and feckless. Mam was "conventional to the point of defeatism, shy of strangers and painfully conscious of the immorality of spending one penny unless there was a halfpenny behind it." Neither of them was more than barely literate. Welsh was their language; Emlyn hardly heard an English word until he was six.

He was not known as Emlyn then, but George. When he was ten, his parents made an expedition to the town of Shotton, where he saw his first movie. The town itself was almost as much of an astonishment as the "lavin' pictiars." "Not only were the bicycles going quicker and ringing sharper bells, but the people with the preoccupied faces were walking brisker, the smoke from the strange houses blew faster, and even the town clouds, brown at the edges from smuts and sophistication, raced swifter over a man-made sky."

Consonants Left Gasping. George's real awakening began half a year later, when he won a scholarship to Holywell County School. There he met Miss Sarah Grace Cooke, 33, the original of Miss Moffat in *The Corn Is Green*, and an inspired teacher who discerned the sharp and hungry intelligence in the small, whey-faced boy with dilapidated shoes.

The first time he saw Miss Cooke, George was awestruck. "The few English people I had encountered said what they wished to say with limp decorum, moving the lips as if they were eggshells; this one

. . . hit every vowel fair and square between the eyes like a boxer smacking a punch ball, every consonant was wrestled with and left gasping. I realized then, before I knew life, that here was a woman larger than it." Eventually, she arranged for him to try for a scholarship to Oxford. When he won it, the school celebrated with a half holiday.

The Crackup. At Oxford the theater snared him once and for all. For one "bewitched and irrevocable week" he was prompter at a Dramatic Society production of *Hamlet* ("I was at a play, and in it, Fortinbras would stand two feet from me; I could see the pulse beat in his neck, smell the musty scent of the costume, the tang of the spirit gum").

Oxford, too, brought near disaster—a complete breakdown triggered by a homosexual attachment to another boy. Emlyn (he had dropped the George for theatrical purposes) was taken back home to his family and Miss Cooke ("At 20, my boy," she said, "such an occurrence is forgiven by society; if you were 25, it would be disallowed"). The book closes with Emlyn's recovery, the successful performance of his first play at Oxford, and his first real job—a six-line walk-on in a play about Samuel Pepys.

On April 18, 1927, as he stood in the wings waiting for the curtain to rise on his new life, this first installment of his autobiography ends. The next, if there is one, will be harder to make as good; the warm Welsh landscapes and characters he describes so lovingly and well will have to give way to people and places that have been handled by experts, and often. But on his performance in Act I, Williams should be sure of a big audience for Act II.

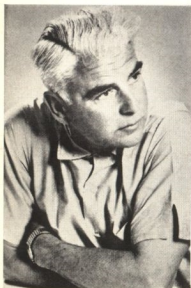
Pilgrim's Progress

THREE CHEERS FOR ME (274 pp.)
—Donald Lamont Jack—Macmillan (\$4.50).

In his time, Donald Lamont Jack, 38, has served in the Royal Air Force, worked as a salesman, freight checker, surveyor, typist, packer in a department store, and a music critic, studied art and the theater, flopped as an actor and written with only modest success for the theater, movies and TV. Donald Lamont Jack can now stop groping around for an occupation: he is a talented comic novelist.

Jack's hero in *Three Cheers for Me* is Bartholomew Bandy, whose long and inscrutable deadpan face exasperates everyone who lays eyes upon it. Bandy's blank exterior hides nothing but innocence. Son of a Canadian cleric, he is unsullied by liquor or women. But then Bandy goes off to fight in World War I and lurches into manhood like a drunk stumbling down a flight of stairs—always headed in the right direction but never quite in control of himself or the situation.

Lieut. Bandy learns about liquor when he is sent off on a trench raid with a canteen filled with rum; magnificently drunk, he loses his bearings, raids his own trench, and kidnaps his colonel. Bandy needs all



EMLYN, 56

ALEC MURRAY



GEORGE, 15

In a pastoral slum, a precarious flowering.



ROBERT CRONE

DONALD LAMONT JACK

A wave from a cheerful corpse.

of his Christian resolve to avoid being seduced by a pillow-breasted wench: "She clutched her arms around my head, burying my face even deeper in her bosom until my nose was bent almost double against her sternum and her nipples were stuck in my earholes like a stethoscope."

At his best, Author Jack is as droll as the early Evelyn Waugh he so obviously admires. The book has some fine set pieces of English comic writing: e.g., Bandy's defeat at the hands of an antique bathtub armed with such fixtures as "Douche, Spray, Wave, Plunge, Hot, Cold, Shower, Fountain, Plug, Waterfall and Sprinkler." But Author Jack does more than play it for laughs. Men die on barbed wire and a hand sticks out of the water in the bottom of a shell hole. ("It seemed to be waving at us cheerfully. Rollo shook hands with it.") This mingling of humor and horror is like a clown tap-dancing on a coffin, but Jack is skillful enough to get away with it.

Disastrous Raid

PLEOSTI (407 pp.)—James Dugan & Carroll Stewart—Random House (\$6.95).

A naked woman flashed on a motion-picture screen set up at an Army Air Forces base in the Libyan desert near Bengasi one baking July day in 1943. The assembled pilots, navigators, bombardiers and gunners roared their approval. Off-screen an announcer's voice intoned that the assembled airmen were about to strike a virgin target. Its name: Ploesti.

Set in the foothills of Rumania's Transylvanian Alps 35 miles from Bucharest, Ploesti was called by Winston Churchill "the taproot of German might." From its oil refineries came one-third of the aviation gasoline, benzine and lubricants

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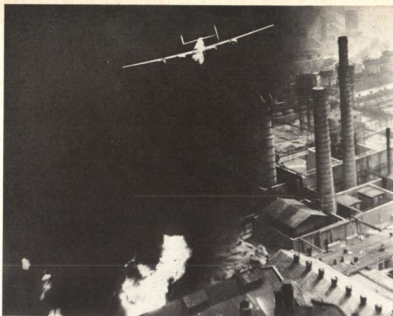
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B-24 OVER PLOESTI
The Luftwaffe knew.

U.S. AIR FORCE

that kept Adolf Hitler's military machine running. To protect Ploesti from air attack, the Germans had made it into a colossal land battleship. A ring of heavy anti-aircraft guns formed a perimeter around the refineries that circled the city; lighter flak guns were concealed in haystacks and groves, mounted on factories, bridges, water towers and church steeples on the target approaches. Crack Luftwaffe squadrons, aided by Rumanian and Bulgarian air force units, gave Ploesti an aerial umbrella.

Heroic Snafu. To smash *Festung Ploesti*, U.S. air planners came up with a novel plan: a daring low-level attack that completely violated the high-level strategic bombing canons of most top Air Forces brass. The planners reasoned that a rooftop raid would give the striking B-24 Liberators an element of surprise, limit the effectiveness of the Luftwaffe, and throw off the accuracy of flak gunners primed for high-level raiders. How they miscalculated is the core of Authors Dugan and Stewart's taut and gripping tale of a disastrous yet heroic snafu—pieced together from letters, diaries, interviews and correspondence with U.S., German, and Rumanian survivors of the Aug. 1, 1943 raid.

Many of the crewmen were nowhere near so sanguine as their leaders that they would make the full 2,300-mile, 16-hour round trip. Passed from hand to hand were a flood of paperback books about British escapes from World War I German prison camps. One pilot taped a hacksaw blade to the sole of his foot; he was convinced that there would be enough shot-down U.S. flyers wandering around the Rumanian countryside "to call a general election, vote the Germans out, and make peace with the Allies."

Almost from take-off, Operation Tidal Wave lost the necessary ingredient of surprise; the Germans had cracked the Allied code and tracked the planes all the way to the target. Over the Mediterranean, the lead Liberator carrying the mission navigator suddenly staggered out of formation and crashed into the ocean. It was a disastrous mishap: hours later the lead wave took a wrong heading just short of the target, and Operation Tidal Wave began to disintegrate into chaos.

Mouth of Hell. Some planes followed the first wave on its wrong course, others plunged on toward Ploesti. Over the tar-

get, there was utter confusion. Planes roared in over the city from all different directions, often had to swerve to avoid head-on collisions. German gunners laid a curtain of flak over the refineries; Liberators flying lower than factory smokestacks were buffeted by exploding oil storage tanks. Luftwaffe Messerschmitts buzzed around the sheets of flame to pick off the disorganized and wounded bombers. Said a survivor: "We were dragged through the mouth of hell."

Of the 166 Liberators that made it to Ploesti, 53 were shot down; more than one-fifth of the 1,600-man attacking force were killed. Actual damage to the refineries was relatively slight; many were back in operation in a matter of days. Nearly a year was to elapse before U.S. bombers would return to the city—this time at high level.

In all, U.S. flyers bombed Ploesti 20 more times in fleets of up to 485 aircraft. But at war's end, *Festung Ploesti* was still producing at 20% of capacity.

Lost in Still Water

SELECTED WORKS OF DJUNA BARNES
(366 pp.)—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy
(\$5.95).

Djuna Barnes has long been the dark lady of the New Directions anthologies, and in the '30s, when difficult writers were in vogue, her shadowy short novel *Nightwood* won the loftiest of testimonials. Every earnest Lit. undergraduate read the New Classics edition, with its foreword by T. S. Eliot praising its "great achievement of style, beauty of phrasing, brilliance of wit and characterization, and a quality of horror and doom very nearly related to that of Elizabethan tragedy."

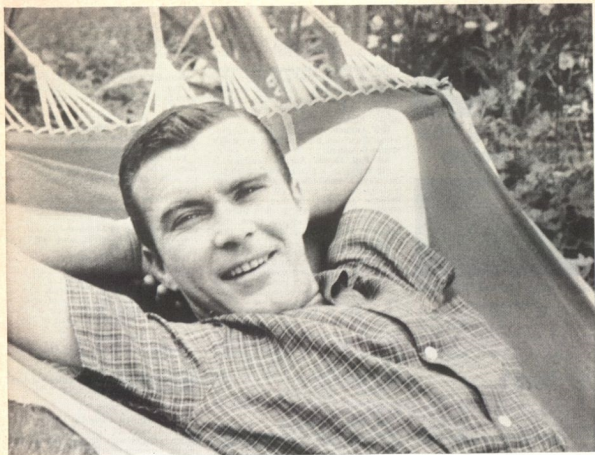
As the centerpiece of this collection of Djuna Barnes' work, *Nightwood* still has its moments of beauty and wild wit. The novel's chief strength is a marvelous rant, "Dr. Matthew-Mighty grain-of-salt-Dante-O'Connor." He roars on for pages, mocking himself as a wretched transvestite, reviling dead gods and performing feats of verbal wire-walking, all to take a distraught Lesbian's mind off her wandering mate. "Do you know," he says in lyrical exasperation, "what has made me the greatest liar this side of the moon? Telling my stories to people like you, to take the mortal agony out of their guts, and stop them from rolling about, and drawing up their feet, and screaming, with their eyes staring over their knuckles..."

But one monstrously liar in a life of writing is hardly enough. The rest of what Author Barnes has written offers little but annoying, calculated imprecisions ("her wide distilling mouth") and somber oboe passages. "No, I don't feel horror," someone says. "Horror must include conflict, and I have none; I am alien to life, I am lost in still water." So, most of the time, is Author Barnes. And even *Nightwood* suffers from that most irritating offense of difficult writing—the mysterious effect that hides no mystery, the locked box with nothing in it.



DJUNA BARNES
Was T. S. Eliot wrong?

M. WOODHOUSE



"The kids? They're in Sunday school."

(HE'D BE SURPRISED WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE)

"Sure, we send the kids to Sunday school. Me? Well, you know how it is... I like to relax after a week's work. Anyhow let's face it... I wasn't getting much out of church. It wasn't coming through... didn't seem to have any real connection with me, and my problems. Okay, I could have tried harder to understand... Maybe I'd better give it another try..."

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Horizontal Lieutenant. Jim Hutton and Paula Prentiss add up to 12 ft. ½ in. of fun in a tall story about 4,000 chuckle-headed U.S. servicemen locked in unequal struggle with a superior enemy: one sneaky Japanese soldier.

Bell' Antonio. A thoughtful but not profound discussion of impotence by Italy's Mauro Bolognini.

All Fall Down. Angela Lansbury is worth seeing in a picture worth fleeing—she plays a small-town hen who broods tenderly over her chicks (Warren Beatty, Brandon deWilde) till they can hardly breathe, clucks wistfully at them till they can scarcely hear themselves think, then henpecks them half to death for their own good.

Viridiana. Made in Spain on Franco's money but banned in Spain by Franco's decree, this peculiar and powerful film by Luis Buñuel predicts in parable the next Spanish revolution, and contains an orphic orgy of Goyesque genius.

Sweet Bird of Youth. Tennessee Williams' *Bird* was an artistic turkey on Broadway, but as directed by Richard Brooks it makes a noisy and sometimes brilliant peacock of a picture. Geraldine Page as an aging cinemama blazons a memorable sidemark on the go-away-and-don't-comeback trail.

Through a Glass Darkly. Perhaps the best, certainly the ripest film ever made by Sweden's Ingmar Bergman.

Last Year at Marienbad. A cinemagame worked out by two Frenchmen, Scenarist Alain Robbe-Grillet and Director Alain Resnais (*Hiroshima, Mon Amour*), that has become the intellectual sensation of the year in films.

The Night. The fashionable ailment of anxiety is skillfully anatomized by Italy's Michelangelo (*L'Avventura*) Antonioni.

Lover Come Back. Animadversions on advertising, wittily written by Stanley Shapiro and blandly recited by Doris Day and Rock Hudson.

A View from the Bridge. Arthur Miller's attempt to find Greek tragedy in cold-war Flatbush errs in concept but succeeds in details.

TELEVISION

Wed., April 18

Howard K. Smith—News and Comment (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.).* Summary of the week's most important news items, with analysis.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Topics tonight: the development of the American motel, plus President Kennedy's retraining program in West Virginia.

Thurs., April 19

Special for Women (NBC, 3-4 p.m.). Troubled relationships between parents and a young son are explored in "The Problem Child."

CBS Reports (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). The program continues to explore the U.S. income tax account, taking up the proposal to limit expense-account allowances. Restaurateur Vincent Sardi Jr., whose show biz

restaurants are favorites with expense-account men, will be interviewed.

Sat., April 21

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Clark Gable and Susan Hayward in *Soldier of Fortune*, 1955.

Sun., April 22

The Hound of Heaven (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). An Easter reading of Francis Thompson's religious poem.

Protestant Service (CBS, 11 a.m. to noon). Live broadcast of the Easter service at the Trinity Lutheran Church, Long Island City, N.Y.

Directions 62 (ABC, 2:30-3:30 p.m.). ABC has commissioned Pianist-Composer Earl Wild to do an Easter oratorio, based on the visions of St. John the Divine, incorporating dance, music, song and stage production.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Tonight's documentary starts with a visit to the Great Exposition of 1851 in London, then takes a reminiscent look at world fairs since then, and a prospective one at the Seattle World's Fair of 1962 and the New York World's Fair of 1964.

Mon., April 23

Breakthrough: Heart and Artery Surgery (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Four different operations are performed, each surgeon explaining the techniques involved and recent life-saving advances in the field.

Tues., April 24

Bell & Howell Close-Up (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A study of Great Britain, as the nation wrestles with the question of joining the Common Market.

THEATER

On Broadway

A Thousand Clowns, by Herb Gardner. The freshest, funniest comedy of the season. As the chief nonconformist in a superb cast of oddballs, Jason Robards Jr. now emerges as the new clown prince of Broadway.

The Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams. On a Mexican veranda, four desperate people break out of the cycle of self-concern to achieve self-transcendence. Williams' best play since *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Ross, by Terence Rattigan. The puzzle of T. E. Lawrence is pieced together in fascinating, though debatable, fashion in this play. John Mills portrays the hero with lacerating honesty.

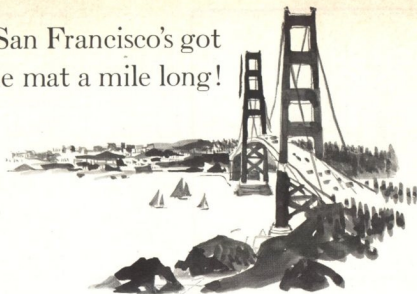
A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt, might have drawn its theme from Shakespeare's "Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own." Playing Sir Thomas More, Paul Scofield is flawless.

Gideon, by Paddy Chayefsky, makes God and man all too human, but Fredric March as God and Douglas Campbell as Gideon occasionally approach the sublime.

A Shot in the Dark, adapted from a Paris hit, is *très très* sleek and sassy, with Julie Harris starring as a sleep-around maid.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying is a musical with a witty mind (Director-Librettist Abe Burrows) and a hero of exuberant guile (Robert

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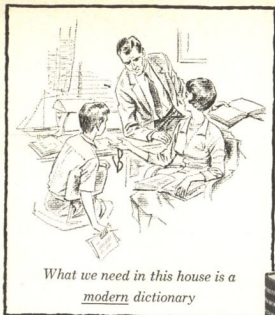
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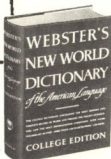
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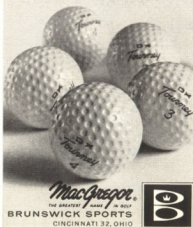
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Off Broadway

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad, by Arthur Kopit, turns the battle of the sexes into a surrealistic rout. Among the Venus flytraps, Barbara Harris glistens as the most hilariously voracious sexling since Lolita.

Brecht on Brecht generates dramatic excitement from a revue-styled montage of the songs, poems, scenes, and aphorisms of a 20th century master of theater.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Ship of Fools, by Katherine Anne Porter. The ship is a German passenger-freighter that steams from Vera Cruz to Bremerhaven in 1931. The allegory is that this and all passages of the world's voyage are dismal; the art is consummate.

In Parenthesis, by David Jones. The author, a painter who sometimes turns to prose and poetry, uses an unorthodox but effective amalgam of both in this bitter novel about the total irony of war.

Scott Fitzgerald, by Andrew Turnbull. A meticulous, sensitive biography of the writer who invented the Jazz Age and the Lost Generation, poured himself down the drain with the dregs of martinis, and is now riding a wave of posthumous popularity.

A Long and Happy Life, by Reynolds Price. This uncommonly good first novel tells of a Carolina country girl coming to womanhood.

The Blood of the Lamb, by Peter De Vries. The humorist abandons gaiety, if not humor; in this bitter and wholly serious novel of a man's loss of faith, life is seen to be a cruel joke.

Pigeon Feathers and Other Stories, by John Updike. Literary exercises by America's most prestigious young writer, author of Poorhouse Fair and Rabbit, Run.

The Rothschilds, by Frederick Morton. A dynastic biography of the family that knew so well how to Succeed in Business that they rose from the ghetto to an eminence from which they could tell Queen Victoria to get off their flower beds.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Franny and Zooey, Salinger (1, last week)
2. The Agony and the Ecstasy, Stone (2)
3. The Fox in the Attic, Hughes (3)
4. The Bull from the Sea, Renault (6)
5. Devil Water, Seton (5)
6. A Prologue to Love, Caldwell (4)
7. Chairman of the Bored, Streeter (7)
8. Ship of Fools, Porter
9. Captain Newman, M.D., Rosten
10. To Kill a Mockingbird, Lee (8)

NONFICTION

1. My Life in Court, Nizer (2)
2. Calories Don't Count, Teller (1)
3. The Guns of August, Tuchman (3)
4. The Rothschilds, Morton (4)
5. The Making of the President 1960, White (7)
6. The Last Plantagenets, Costain (5)
7. CIA: The Inside Story, Tully (6)
8. Scott Fitzgerald, Turnbull
9. The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich, Shirer (10)
10. Six Crises, Nixon

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